

Arthur Lido

25 cents

MARCH 1948

The American Mercury

WASHINGTON LOBBIES

Ruth Finney

SOME OFFICERS ENJOYED THE WAR F. L. Kluckhohn

PSYCHOSOMATIC ALLERGY Harry Swartz, M.D.

OUR SCANDALOUS DIVORCE LAWS
Dorothy Dunbar Bromley



FORRESTAL:
SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

by Donald Robinson

Page 263

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When a monthly scoops the dailies —

On January 22, 1948 journalistic history was made. On that day the dailies made public “for the first time” the fact that Stalin and Hitler had signed pacts dividing up Europe, Asia and Africa for themselves.

Newspaper readers were aghast. Editorial writers thundered. But readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY smiled. They had read all about “The Secret Stalin-Hitler Plans” five months before—in the September, 1947 issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

They were given a real prediction of things to come. The author, Neal Stanford, of the Washington staff of the Christian Science Monitor, said, “Before many months the world is going to begin getting the unexpurgated account of pre-war Russo-German collaboration.”

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, always digging for the story behind the news, month by month presents facts that give meaning to the news. Often it digs so deeply that it comes up with startling news of world-shaking importance—as in the case of the Stalin-Hitler secret plans. The dailies may be dismayed at being scooped by almost six months, but the readers of THE MERCURY aren't surprised.

If you haven't read THE MERCURY before this issue, you owe it to your own peace of mind to see it regularly.

NOW
2 magazines in 1

THE Saturday Review of Literature
PLUS
THE Saturday Review of Recordings



NOW *The Saturday Review of Literature*, one of America's most talked-about magazines, brings its readers a big, new monthly bonus, *The Saturday Review of Recordings*, a new magazine edited by Irving Kolodin, America's foremost record authority, and designed to be the most complete, authentic, informative guide to records available in this country. We're so sure you'll be delighted with these 2 magazines in 1 that we're making this special offer. Send us the coupon below. You'll receive the SRL, and the monthly supplement, RECORDINGS, for the next 26 weeks at the special introductory rate of only \$2.

**EACH MONTH, RECORDINGS SUPPLEMENT
BRINGS YOU:**

- Survey of choice imported & domestic records
- Articles on trends, composers, performers
- A Hollywood column
- Top-notch coverage of the jazz world
- Expert survey of popular records
- Reviews of children's records
- Previews of record and music books
- Articles on movie and theater music
- Full-page tabular surveys of the classical and popular records of the month
- Sound technical data on records and machines

**EACH WEEK, THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF
LITERATURE BRINGS YOU:**

- Theater reviews by John Mason Brown
- The noted column by Bennett Cerf
- Double-Crostics
- Your Literary I.Q.
- A sophisticated column by Wm. Rose Benét
- Literate cartoons
- Authoritative reviews of the latest books
- Timely, vigorous editorials
- Penetrating discussions of contemporary life and thought

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

26 ISSUES \$2
FOR ONLY

SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 W. 45 ST., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Send me the SRL for the next 26 weeks at the special introductory rate of only \$2.
☐ Remittance enclosed ☐ Bill me later

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

The American Mercury

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

VOLUME LXVI

MARCH 1948

NUMBER 291

Secretary of Defense Forrestal	Donald Robinson	263
Our Scandalous Divorce Laws	Dorothy Dunbar Bromley	272
That Feller Oates!, <i>A Story</i>	August Derleth	278
Washington Lobbies	Ruth Finney	286
The State of Texas	Stanley Walker	294
THE THEATRE: Drama without Style	George Jean Nathan	303
The Collapse of Czech Democracy	Daniel Seligman	309
THE SKEPTICS' CORNER	Bergen Evans	317
Some Officers Enjoyed the War	Frank L. Kluckhohn	322
Any Afternoon, <i>A Poem</i>	David Morton	327
The Life of a Soviet Professor	Dmitri Buligin	328
THE SOAP BOX		337
Psychosomatic Allergy	Harry Swartz, M.D.	341
What Constitutes an Educated Man	O. C. Carmichael	347
By These Words, <i>A Poem</i>	Joseph Joel Keith	352
The Airplane Helps the Farmer	Harold W. Baldwin	353
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 25	Morris Rosenblum	358
DOWN TO EARTH: The Senses of Animals	Alan Devoe	359
Old Men's Ward, <i>A Poem</i>	Elma Dean	363
The Barter Theatre	George Kent	364
Friend, <i>A Poem</i>	Sister M. Bernetta Quinn, O.S.F.	369
THE LIBRARY: The Individual Vs. the State	Bertram D. Wolfe	370
THE CHECK LIST		261
THE OPEN FORUM		379
COVER (<i>Forrestal</i>) by Arthur Lidov		
DEPARTMENTAL DRAWINGS by Bertrand Zadig		

Copyright 1948 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publishers in the U. S., Great Britain, Mexico, and all other countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Editor & Publisher* Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*
Mildred Falk, *Associate Editor*; Daniel Seligman, *Assistant Editor*
Joseph W. Ferman, *Business Manager*; Allan Franklin, *Advertising Manager*
Richard E. Decker, *Circulation Manager*



"THE BEST IS YET TO BE"

The telephone will be seventy-two years old this year. Its development within a single lifetime has been a modern miracle. Yet it is only the beginning.

There are any number of men and women in the telephone business today—some just starting out—who will see greater progress than the past has ever known.

Year by year the next half century will be increasingly theirs. New leaders will appear from among them. Step by step, rung by rung, they will mount the ladder to the top. For tele-

phone management is employee management and comes up from the ranks.

There will be more good jobs in the telephone business in 1958 and 1998 than now. It just can't help being that way. For of all the trades and professions there are few more interesting and necessary.

So the future is bright for those who work for the telephone company, for those who use the telephone and for those who have faith in its growth and development. "The best is yet to be."



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The American Mercury for April

will contain, among other things

CURLEY OF BOSTON, by Frank L. Kluckhohn. *The mayor of the former Athens of America recently interrupted his term of office with a forced stay at a Federal penitentiary, but he is still a major political power in his city and state. What is behind this almost unprecedented phenomenon in American political history? Mr. Kluckhohn presents many fresh side-lights on this gaudy personality.*

THE STATE OF IOWA, by Henry G. Felsen. *A very readable portrait of one of the most paradoxical of the states of the Union. It is a rich agricultural community, but far from being a commonwealth of mere peasants.*

FACTS ABOUT ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION, by Clintie Kenney. *The number of involuntary childless marriages, due to the sterility of either the man or woman, is far greater than many people imagine. More and more such couples are taking advantage of artificial insemination (where the sterility is the man's) for raising a family. Mrs. Kenney tells the whole story of this relatively new medical development.*

THE CANOL PROJECT, by Richard L. Neuberger. *This is the first full article about one of the most hotly discussed and most expensive "failures" of our entire war effort.*

There will also be a first-rate short story by a newcomer, James Wesley Ingles, and, of course, the usual departments: The Theatre, The Skeptics' Corner, The Library, The Soap Box, Down to Earth, The Open Forum, and the Check List of New Books.

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, Canada and in the countries of the Pan American Union. \$4.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. No articles may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

The American Mercury 570 Lexington Avenue New York 22, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to The American Mercury.

I enclose ☐ \$3.00 for one year, ☐ \$5.00 for two years

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

No additional postage for U. S. possessions, Canada or countries in the Pan American Union; other foreign subscriptions \$1.00 additional per year.

AM 3-48

THE CHECK LIST



FOREIGN AFFAIRS

WORLD COMMUNISM TODAY, by Martin Ebon. \$4.50. *Whittlesey House*. Mr. Ebon's 500-page tome may be taken as just about the best one-volume encyclopedia of world Communism that can be got today. The author has no startling new theories about the nature or aims of Communism (he agrees with the critics who believe the Communists' ultimate goal is world conquest) nor has he any panaceas for dealing with it. But he has assembled a staggering mass of information on all the world's Stalinist movements, much of which has previously been unavailable. The histories, current strategies and future prospects of each country's Communist Party are explored in detail. The book also contains a vast amount of very important documentary and statistical material which should make it a highly valuable reference work for years to come.

THE STEEP PLACES, by Norman Angell. \$3.00. *Harper*. Sir Norman, who abandoned his former uncompromising pacifism some years ago, warns against a repetition of our earlier mistaken attempt to cope with Hitler through moral and material disarmament in meeting the threat of Soviet Russia. He advises the free peoples of the West to unite for mutual defense and to stem Communist ideological and military expansion by demonstrating the vigor of their own social and political institutions. Most important of all, we should try to resolve our inner contradictions and discard partisan passions, prejudices and ideological bigotry, seeking instead a "judicious synthesis" of the most useful elements of both free enterprise and socialism.

BOMBER OFFENSIVE, by Sir Arthur Harris. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. Marshal Harris, who was chief of the RAF's bomber offensive against Germany, has written a frighteningly persuasive defense of the saturation bombing techniques which all the powers felt obliged to use during the war. Some 300,000 German civilians were killed by allied bombing, but, says the author, the blockade in the first World War had killed 800,000, and anyway civilians are always killed in the sieges of cities by infantry troops. The book is also valuable as a closely documented history of the entire air war over Germany.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

SPOTLIGHT ON A UNION, *The Story of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union*, by Donald B. Robinson. \$3.50. *Dial*. Mr. Robinson, a journalist whose considerable talents are well known to readers of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, has here turned his attention to one of the most progressive unions in the country. The story of the hat workers' struggles against predatory employers, gangsters and Communists (who all worked in concert, on occasion) is told in a colorful, staccato manner that makes for uniformly good reading. The hero of the story, if there is one, is Max Zaritsky, the union's president, who Mr. Robinson feels is just about the ideal labor leader. A lively book and a first-rate job of labor reporting.

RACE AND NATIONALITY *As Factors in American Life*, by Henry Pratt Fairchild. \$3.00. *Ronald*. Dr. Fairchild, a Professor Emeritus of Sociology at New York University, is a firm
(Continued on page 377)

MEET THE PRESS

has been selected for the Radio Honor Roll of 1947 by the New York *Times*. Jack Gould, radio editor of the *Times*, in making the award writes:

“‘Meet the Press’ again was outstanding in its class. In employing trained newspapermen to question public figures on the issues of the day, it brings out a maximum of straightforward information and a minimum of confusion and emotion, something which cannot be said for many of the other discussion shows.”

This adds one more honor to the growing list of awards won by this outstanding radio presentation.

MEET THE PRESS

AMERICA'S PRESS CONFERENCE OF THE AIR

is presented each week by the Mutual Broadcasting System in coopération with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Broadcast over WOR and most Mutual Stations each Friday at 10 P.M., Eastern Standard Time

The American Mercury

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE FORRESTAL

BY

DONALD ROBINSON

JAMES VINCENT FORRESTAL looks tough, acts tough and is tough. From the country's point of view, these attributes are all to the good, since Forrestal holds down what is probably the thorniest job in the land. As the first Secretary of Defense in American history, he not only has to see to it that the United States is ready for any external war but he also has to keep under control the internal warfare that chronically rages between the military, naval and air forces now under his single command.

Within five days after his promotion from the Secretaryship of the Navy to the new Defense post, last September, Forrestal had made it

crystal clear to his bespangled Army subordinates that his reputation for "taking no guff from anyone" was well merited. At the first session of the War Council, an Olympian group consisting of Forrestal and the Secretaries and uniformed chiefs of the three armed services, he announced: "I expect all of you gentlemen to attend every meeting of this body."

According to Forrestal's aides, he then glanced around the long walnut conference table in his huge, rectangular Pentagon office to make sure his words were understood. Secretary Sullivan of the Navy nodded assent, as did Secretaries Symington of the Air Force and Royall of the Army.

DONALD ROBINSON was a member of General Eisenhower's staff on SHAEF during the war, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He contributes regularly to THE AMERICAN MERCURY and other magazines. His book, *Spotlight on a Union*, was published recently by Dial.

So also did Fleet Admiral Nimitz, then Chief of Naval Operations, and General Carl Spaatz of the Air Force. Chief of Staff Eisenhower didn't. He is reported to have remarked: "I assume if we're out of town we can send our deputies."

Forrestal replied, inflexibly: "I expect all of you gentlemen to attend every meeting of this body."

"I had to break a very important engagement to get here this morning," protested Eisenhower.

"That's just what I mean," answered Forrestal. "I expect all of you gentlemen to attend every meeting of this body."

Eisenhower did not press the point.

Not long after, news reached Forrestal that some of the admirals and generals were wrangling among themselves over legislative and budgetary problems. Again he promptly laid down the law. He issued an order to the heads of the three services, directing that no report or recommendation on any legislative or fiscal matter could be submitted by them to Congress "except after thorough inter-departmental coordination." Whenever they could not agree among themselves, he said, he would decide himself who was right. He also issued a stern decree to the three services commanding that "inter-service controversies be avoided" in public.

When the isolationist penny-pinchers on the right and the fellow-traveling liberals on the left started a drive to slash defense appropriations, arguing that we could rely for protection

on the United Nations, Forrestal reacted as vigorously. "In this imperfect world," he stated, "high principles and noble purposes are not enough. They must be backed up with sufficient strength to make our voice heard — and heeded. The weak have little influence."

Similarly, he refused to budge when the postwar crop of pacifists began clamoring for immediate American disarmament. "Armaments," he stated, "cannot be made the whipping boy for man's inability to live at peace with his kind. We must face this issue squarely and put the responsibility for war where it inescapably belongs: on man's inability thus far to settle the differences between nations without resort to force."

II

A right hook to the face from a sparring partner at the New York Racquet Club in 1929 broke Forrestal's nose and gave him the appearance, which he has not lost, of a professional prizefighter. Twenty years of the Wall Street rough-and-tumble convinced him of the value of acting tough, and close to eight years in the Battle of Washington have done nothing to change his mind. What saves him from stock characterization as a ruthless businessman is a genuine open-mindedness which he combines with sincerity and idealism. There is nothing dogmatic about him. He rarely makes up his mind until he has sought out and examined the evidence, and even then he can be per-

sued to change his stand if new facts are forthcoming. His views on social questions tend toward extreme conservatism, but there is nothing hypocritical about them. He almost always says what he believes, and he invariably believes what he says. His idealism can be seen in his relinquishment, in 1940, of a Wall Street position reportedly earning him \$180,000 a year to serve as one of President Roosevelt's anonymous assistants at \$10,000. He took the job despite his open hostility to the New Deal: he took it because he felt that there was a job to be done in beating Hitler and that he could help. He is still in Washington today because he is profoundly concerned about the postwar Soviet threat to world peace.

Once Congress passed the National Security Act of 1947, placing the Army, Navy and Air Force under a single Department of Defense, there never was any doubt that Forrestal would be named head of the National Military Establishment. The supporters for his appointment include a large number of Army bigwigs (among them the Secretary of War, Robert P. Patterson, who had himself been mentioned for the berth) as well as virtually the entire Navy. There was, to be sure, some dissatisfied muttering in labor and liberal circles to the effect that Forrestal was "an Old Guard rugged individualist" with anti-labor leanings (the appraisal was not inaccurate), but even in these quarters his special qualifications were generally recognized.

It had been Forrestal who, as Under Secretary of the Navy, spurred on the construction drive which built up the Navy from its pitiful 1940 strength of 383 combat vessels (158,000 men) to a wartime peak of 1500 combat and 50,000 auxiliary ships (3.6 million men). He did it by streamlining Navy procurement methods and by getting rid of the fossilized admirals and the fossilized techniques and traditions. A good deal of opposition had to be overcome in the process. Ice-blooded Admiral Ernest J. King, for instance, was none too happy about the introduction of civilian notions into Navy operations: he insisted that the ultimate control of production should rest with the admirals. Forrestal was adamant, though, and in a showdown battle the civilians won out. Construction soared. When the toll taken by German submarines mounted beyond the danger point in 1942, Forrestal's corner-cutting ideas helped to produce 256 destroyer escorts in six months. And it was largely Forrestal's hell-raising which lifted the 1944 production level on landing crafts to 107 a day, and which enabled SHAEF to set a date for the Normandy invasion.

When he was made Secretary of the Navy in May 1944, after the death of Frank Knox, Forrestal broadened the scope of his activities beyond production problems. Although he considered himself solely "the representative of the public on the naval staff," and though he left strategic matters to the professional sailors, he kept a

close watch on every aspect of top naval policy. Unlike most other Navy (and War) Department chiefs, he never allowed himself to be "pocketed" by "the braid." The traditional attitude of the services toward their civilian superiors — that they should leave just about everything to the admirals and generals — did not go far with him. He went out of his way to assail the Annapolis "class ring" tradition as "adolescent, prep school stuff." Five times during the war he visited the fighting fronts — twice, at Kwajalein and Iwo Jima, he was under enemy fire — to see for himself what was going on. (At Iwo Jima a young ensign told Forrestal, who was wearing no insignia on his khaki shirt, that he was "in the way," and ordered him off the bridge. Later, a boatswain's mate gave him hell for not wearing a helmet, and added: "You damned marines, you're all alike." Forrestal, who is 56 but looks much younger, says he was flattered to have been mistaken for a marine.)

III

Forrestal was born in Beacon, New York, in 1892, the son of an Irish Catholic immigrant. When he was graduated from Matteawan High School in 1908 he was too poor to start college; to raise the money he had first to put in two years on small newspapers. He went to Dartmouth for a year, then switched to Princeton, where he was a huge success. He edited the *Daily Princetonian*, was voted "Most Likely to Succeed" and

came within an ace of being named the class' "Biggest Bluffer." He never was graduated; his money gave out. During World War I Forrestal was a Navy pilot, and after the armistice he took a crack at financial reporting for the *New York World*. It was not until he went to work in Wall Street for William A. Read & Co., the predecessor of the gargantuan Dillon, Read house, that he found his niche. He was a vice-president by 1926 and continued to climb fast. His 1929 stock transactions netted him \$864,000, a sum upon which, as he later explained to the SEC, he avoided paying any income tax by simply — and legally — setting up a chain of holding companies that stretched over into Canada. He was made president of Dillon, Read in 1937, three years before he went to Washington.

His designation as an assistant to President Roosevelt was one of Harry Hopkins' ideas. The appointment annoyed some of the more ardent New Dealers, but they were partly assuaged when they learned that Forrestal was then a registered Democrat. They expected to convert him. But, as they quickly discovered, Forrestal could not be converted to the New Deal; his party affiliation was only a sentimental gesture in memory of his father, who had been a local Democratic politician.

In any case, his White House stay was a short one. Inside of three months, Roosevelt had made him Under Secretary of the Navy.

"You can't make a hero out of a

man in a blue serge suit," Forrestal once remarked coldly to a breathless woman reporter. "I'm just a businessman trying to do a job down here." The description is accurate: he has remained a successful businessman during his stay in Washington, and he still has all the virtues and vices of the species. Protocol means nothing to him, nor do publicity and public acclaim. He tends to be impatient of both politics and politicians, and he has a tendency to speak bluntly where the course of wisdom would be discreet silence.

Time and again he told President Roosevelt frankly that he had absolutely no use for the New Deal's aims or methods. The manner in which the SEC was regulating Wall Street, he said, was something akin to Soviet collectivism. The economic hypotheses of OPA chief Leon Henderson irked Forrestal, and he made no bones about it. He said flatly that the Morgenthau Plan for Germany was an abomination. The "progressive" thinking of Henry Wallace especially infuriated him. "When Henry looks at me with that global stare," Forrestal once observed, "I really get frightened." But despite his antipathy toward so many of Roosevelt's associates, Forrestal remained in the Cabinet. He remained because he was able to get things done.

The ability to act and talk tough is by no means his only asset. When the occasion demands he can be an excellent diplomat, entirely adept at chummy first-name-calling and back-

slapping. His talents as a negotiator can be seen in the rôle he played in the recent Army-Navy "merger." For months on end he blocked the original "merger" plan because he felt that it would cost the Navy all its independence. His obstinacy led to a bitter feud with two old friends of his, Robert Patterson and Stuart Symington. Finally, Forrestal decided he had been tough long enough. He arranged a meeting with the two men at the Chevy Chase Club and, over a couple of drinks, managed to lay the basis for the compromise formula that was later adopted.

Forrestal has no reluctance about admitting his errors. He once bucked the entire administration on the Universal Military Training issue, charging that UMT would actually impair, rather than enhance, our security. There was, he said, a danger "that it might delude the country into the belief that in itself [UMT] was sufficient guarantee of our safety." After the publication of the Compton Commission report, however, he publicly announced that he had been wrong. He began plumping strongly for UMT, announcing that "there is no alternative if we are to have the trained forces necessary in an emergency."

This ability to change his mind is one of Forrestal's greatest assets. People who talk with him come away from his office feeling that he listens carefully to all they say, and that he can be persuaded to their point of view. In conversation he talks crisply and to the point, often sounding

somewhat more like a college professor than a financier.

Forrestal is an avid reader. He is entirely at home discussing the metaphysical poetry of John Donne, the dialectical materialism of Karl Marx or the morbid outpourings of Nietzsche and Spengler. History particularly interests him, and he has dug deeply into the evolution of the democratic form of government. Forrestal's faith in democracy is rooted in more than the personal advantages he had derived from it.

The Communist thesis that businessmen want and spawn wars enrages him. "One of the many fallacies generated by Marx and Engels," he has said, "is the thesis that private ownership of property breeds war and that in particular the form of private ownership we know as business capitalism is provocative of war. . . . This theory as an interpretation of history, which it pretends to be, has no validity. Men of the jungle threw rocks at each other long before there were either industrialists or business managers."

Forrestal is an unashamed exponent of private enterprise, which he has justified in these words:

This country is too complex in its balanced system of production, transportation and services to be run as a collectivized economy from any one headquarters. . . .

I am convinced that the day when the Federal Government exercises complete control over banking, directs the formation of capital for investment and channels its use, when the people's savings

come under political control, that day will see the end of the American system which has well served the world and has twice rescued it from the shadow of global tyranny.

I believe that nothing can take the place of the private management which has given American business, both large and small, its great preëminence.

I hold this to be the opposite of reaction. The real reaction, I submit, is embraced in that defeatist philosophy which goes back to the over-rationalized pessimism of the German schools of Hegel, Fichte and Kant and Marx and which, upon examination, will be found to be based on the assumption that the mass of men are not competent to rule themselves, but for survival must surrender their destinies to a group especially endowed and especially trained to lead the masses.

IV

Forrestal's pronouncements on economics often sound as though they might have been culled from the brochures of the National Association of Manufacturers. Labor leaders view him with suspicion and the feeling is reciprocated. Forrestal's ultra-conservative views on labor occasionally reveal a disconcerting naiveté. Back in 1942 when Clyde Vandenberg of the War Production Board first suggested the formation of labor-management committees to stimulate war production, Forrestal was indignant. "They want to sovietize industry," he asserted. Only Judge Robert Patterson's assurance that no such thing was contemplated dissuaded him from ordering a Navy boycott of the WPB plan. More recently, Forrestal is reliably reported to have urged Presi-

dent Truman to sign, not veto, the Taft-Hartley bill. He is now said to be "deeply concerned about the present trend of Mr. Truman's thinking" on inflation-control: according to Doris Fleeson, a Washington columnist, the government controls suggested by the President (and ultimately rejected by Congress) last fall constituted a party line which Forrestal found "hard to toe." In this connection, labor men recall the occasion when Forrestal had to testify before a Congressional committee on the Navy's handling of leased oil lands. After he had stepped down from the witness stand, a New Deal congressman is supposed to have commented: "Well, now that you've testified for Standard Oil, who is going to testify for the people?"

On the other hand, Forrestal is known to be on the best of terms with John Green, the aggressive president of the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers (and a leader of the anti-Communist faction in the CIO) and with John Frey of the AFL. Both say they have always found Forrestal cooperative. It is also interesting to note that, after becoming Secretary of Defense, he selected as his chief assistants two of Washington's outstanding liberals: 32-year-old Marx Leva, erstwhile law clerk to Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black; and John H. Ohly, a 37-year-old legal genius who was formerly one of War Secretary Patterson's most able and progressive advisors. It may be that Forrestal's social views are gradually being changed. In a speech he delivered last

October to the New York *Herald Tribune* Forum he revealed himself to be rather less far to the right than had previously been supposed. He said:

Business needs the atmosphere of freedom and of venture in order to keep the great economic machinery of America spinning; but it must also have the discipline to insure that its own driving momentum does not set up too much power. Labor cannot acquire so much power that any man or group of men may, by an idle whim, throw the switches on the economic machinery of the nation. In the long run the result of that is the acquisition by government of complete power over labor itself. Yet we must not pass laws that are so restrictive as to drive labor into the caves of hate and malice and frustration, which is precisely what some doctrinaires would like to happen. . . .

It seems to me that men must face the fact that equilibrium or balance of power rather than any single formula of either politics or economics is the answer to an orderly and decent world. No one class, be it proletarian, military, or scientific, politicians or bankers, is wise enough or good enough to run the world. Too much power lodged in any man or group of men or any nation is dangerous because power can corrupt the most virtuous of men. The unconscious arrogance of conscious wealth can be matched equally and fully by the unconscious arrogance of conscious power. I have seen both and I don't like either.

By common consent, James Forrestal is the hardest-working man in Washington. Seven days a week he arrives at the Pentagon Building at 8:45 in the morning and stays on until nine or ten at night. He never stops working. When he attends the inevitable Washington cocktail parties (he avoids them as much as possi-

ble) he is apt to limit himself to one or two drinks and spend most of the evening talking shop. He used to be seen occasionally at the National Theatre, but since he was named Defense Secretary he has not been there once; nor has he been to a movie in that period. Every Monday he lunches at the White House with President Truman. Once a week he lunches in his private dining room at the Pentagon with the Secretaries of the three services, and once every two weeks he eats with the three service commanders. He lives in a swanky Georgetown house, but does virtually no entertaining. His wife is the former Josephine Ogden, an attractive divorcée who was at one time editor of *Vogue* and who in 1943 was named one of the country's ten best-dressed women. Their two sons are both at Princeton.

V

Forrestal works hard because he believes the United States is in a race against time. His concern over Soviet expansionism is no secret. Even during the war, he objected strenuously to the over-all priorities granted the USSR and he is said, on good authority, to have thrown his full support behind former Ambassador William C. Bullitt's 1943 suggestion that President Roosevelt at once seek a postwar agreement with Stalin. What bothers Forrestal most about the Russians is their complete disregard for individual rights and lives. He was horrified to learn, during the

war, that the Red Army kept only the scantiest of rosters and casualty lists. It was unimportant to the Kremlin how many, or which, men were killed. Forrestal is convinced that the Russians are prepared to lose a million or ten million men if it would serve the Politburo's purposes.

Vishinsky's charge that Forrestal is a warmonger is incorrect. "It is better," Forrestal has said, "to live in two worlds than to accept force as the means to impose our views or our system on the [Russians]." But he does not believe in peace at any price. "The efforts of one group of men to control the world is nothing new," he said recently, and he added, in an oblique warning to Moscow, that every effort at world empire in history has "left a wrecked and disillusioned nation in the wake of defeat."

In his planning for the national defense, Forrestal still relies largely on sea power. He testified before a House Committee that:

The forms of both offensive and defensive warfare may be sharply modified in the next quarter century by the introduction of atomic weapons, of guided missiles and jet-propelled planes. Supersonic speeds of both planes and missiles raise the question of whether the guided missile will become an airplane or the airplane a missile. In this area of uncertainty, there is now a "no-man's land" which has yet to be explored by all military agencies before final forms and patterns of war are established. In the meantime, the pushbutton or gadget era of warfare remains some years off and our national security must for the present, to a large degree, rest upon the techniques and weapons in use at the close of World War II. For the foreseeable future,

sea power is the fundamental element of our national security.

He also told the President's Air Policy Committee that "The United States must have air forces sufficiently powerful to protect our own security and territory, and sufficiently powerful and versatile to be capable of making swift counter-attacks."

But spending for armaments cannot be unlimited. When the Secretaries of the Air Force and the Navy came out with recommendations for the immediate production of vast air fleets, he said point blank that the military and naval planners "had not given enough thought to their needs." Appropriations for the armed forces, he declared, should be large enough to ensure our ability to resist attack, but they should not be so large as to endanger the national economy.

For all the hoopla attendant upon the Army-Navy "merger," the act leaves much to be desired in the way of genuine service integration. The three services are still largely autonomous; the authority of the Defense Secretary is limited to the establishment of "general policies and programs." Forrestal undoubtedly chafes at some of these restrictions, though he says he is satisfied with the act.

In any event, he has achieved some progress toward a de facto integration. Disregarding jurisdictional complaints, he has moved to end duplicate and overlapping procurement functions. Working through the Muni-

tions Board, he has arranged, for example, that the Army will now purchase all food and lumber for the three services, while the Navy will procure all coal.

Not long ago Forrestal took cognizance of widespread discontent among Reserve and National Guard officers, and set up a six-man board to study the reorganization of all the civilian components of the services. He did back down, however, when the press called this step a prelude to a possible merger of the Reserves and the National Guard (which has long been urged by military authorities). Capitulating to the anguished wailing of the National Guard Association and various Governors anxious to retain their private armies, he issued a statement promising that his board would not even consider removing the National Guard from control of the 48 states.

But kowtowing to pressure groups is unusual for Forrestal. His independence is almost belligerent at times. It was, in fact, one of the main reasons that Washington correspondents, in a poll, selected him as a preferred candidate for the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination.

Forrestal's reaction to this "nomination" was characteristic. He issued a statement forswearing any political ambitions and refusing under any circumstances to consider a draft movement. He said:

"I've never taken myself seriously as a political glamour character."

OUR SCANDALOUS DIVORCE LAWS

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

WHO is going to form a society for the prevention of cruelty to the mismated? Who will lead a drive for a humane, workable divorce law? A law that will restore honesty to the divorce courts and dignity to marriage. A law that will not make divorce a hasty, overnight affair, but will recognize that human beings can and often do make mistakes in the most difficult of all human ventures. A law which admits that where the mutual will to continue a marriage is lacking, where the spiritual health has gone out of it or was never present, it can pay dividends neither to society nor to the man and woman concerned, and is of at least questionable value to any children.

There has been much talk of a uniform national divorce law. But a glance at the grounds proposed by its chief backer, Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, shows that his law would perpetuate the old ecclesiastical notion that divorce is a penalizing of the guilty partner and a reward to the innocent, not a frank and simple declaration of a marriage bankruptcy to

which, quite frequently, both partners have contributed.

Last year a committee of 48 women attorneys, members of the National Association of Women Lawyers, working under the chairmanship of Miss N. Ruth Wood of the St. Louis bar, drafted a model divorce law to be recommended to the legislatures of the several states. The committee proposed that:

A decree of divorce shall be granted by the court when, in his sound discretion, he finds that there is no probable expectation of reconciliation of the parties, or that the welfare of husband, wife, children and state will be promoted by the divorce. . .

Setting out grounds of divorce is unnecessary, as the finding of the court should not be that one party has committed a specific act but that the marriage cannot be preserved with benefit to the parties. . . .

In other words, the divorce might be obtained simply by mutual consent, as in the progressive Scandinavian countries, or possibly against the wishes of one dog-in-the-manger party.

This elastic provision, if it became law in your state or mine, might be

DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY is the Sunday women's page editor of the New York Herald Tribune. She has written numerous magazine articles on social issues. Her books include *Youth and Sex*, of which she is co-author, and *Birth Control — Its Use and Misuse*.

much more liberally interpreted by some judges than by others. But the parties involved would retain the right of appeal.

The committee also recommended that migration from one state to another for the purpose of obtaining divorces should be ended. "Jurisdiction to grant a divorce," it was proposed, "shall be vested in the court of original jurisdiction in the state and county in which either husband or wife resides." A specified period of residence, now ranging in different states from six weeks to five years, would not be required, just as it is not in other types of legal petitions.

There would be no *ex parte* divorces, with one spouse not represented at or informed of the proceedings. Whoever was seeking the divorce would have to notify the other party, just as in any other proceeding involving valuable rights or interests. The proceedings would not be public, and the element of contention would be eliminated as much as possible. The suit would not be designated on the court calendar as "John vs. Mary Doe," but rather as "In the Matter of the Family of Roe."

Couples would not be encouraged to rush into divorce; a pre-trial conference would be required "wherever practicable." "Conciliation services shall be made available," said the model law, "and their use may be required by the court before a hearing is set on the petition." The actual hearing on the divorce petition, "except for good cause shown to the

court," shall be set at least 30 days (the "cooling-off period") after the non-contending partner has been served the notice. Once granted, the decree would become final immediately.

It would be hard for anyone to prove that such a new deal in divorce would not be socially sound legislation. Borrowing a leaf out of the women lawyers' book, Reginald Heber Smith, a founder of the Legal Aid movement, has proposed that conciliation procedures be made mandatory on properly staffed courts but that where such efforts fail the judge be free to grant a divorce as "the only humane solution."

Yet even the women lawyers take two steps forward and one backward. When the committee's proposal was submitted last September to the convention of the National Association of Women Lawyers, the delegates voted down the draft as impractical of passage by the legislatures. They appointed still another committee to draft a model state law that will surely turn out to be a compromise with good sense.

The women lawyers have muffed their chance to get into the fight. Will some other national organization of women pick up the gage of battle? What the divorce reform movement needs right now is a woman leader of great ability who will bring to it the same passion for righting a wrong that Margaret Sanger 30 years ago first brought to the birth control movement. Or a woman like the former

Mrs. Charles R. Sabin, now Mrs. Dwight F. Davis, who campaigned so effectively for the repeal of Prohibition because it was debasing our Federal courts and law-enforcement machinery — even as the divorce laws are debasing our state courts.

II

Like the Prohibition amendment, our various state divorce laws are examples of sumptuary legislation, *i.e.*, they regulate the individual's private life on religious or moral grounds to which he (or she) may not subscribe.

Let's look at these laws for a minute. The most medieval state of affairs is found in South Carolina, which sets its face against divorce for any reason. Then there is New York, sticking its head in the sand, refusing to its residents absolute divorce on any grounds but adultery.

What, as a result, do we see in the state of New York, which holds within its borders one tenth of the country's population? Numbers of people who have the cash migrating to other states and returning with decrees in their pockets. In the courts of New York we see evidence of adultery, authentic or phony, but always a stench in the nostrils, spread on the public record. And in the hearings before referees we discover these days an increasing number of litigants terminating their marriages by working the annulment fraud. The process is simple enough: you simply get a relative or friend to swear perjurally that your spouse promised before

marriage in the presence of this third person, strange to say, to have children and now refuses. Or if children have been born, the helpful witness swears to knowledge of a lie told about social status, financial condition or chastity.

Take next Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia, which do not concede cruelty as a valid reason for divorce. These same states, Tennessee excepted, and also New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Texas and Vermont have nothing to say about habitual drunkenness.

The large majority of states, it is true, are a little more merciful. They grant relief to a husband or wife who can prove a spouse has been guilty of habitual drunkenness, extreme cruelty or abandonment. But as many as twenty states require that the desertion must have lasted two or more years. Significantly, all but two of the states which will settle for a year's desertion are in the Middle West and West. Outside of these areas, only Louisiana and Florida, a state that likes to attract divorce-seeking tourists among others, have one-year desertion laws.

Also, a handful of states liberally interpret the "cruelty" or "cruel and inhuman treatment" ground, their judges' degree of liberality often depending on the state's yen, as in Nevada, for divorce-mill profits.

Only 22 states admit incurable insanity to be a valid reason for divorce, and of these, 17 require that the insane spouse must have been in an

institution for at least five years.

The moral vice of most of our codes is that they require any man or woman seeking a divorce to castigate his or her former partner in public—a procedure that is offensive to all decent and sensitive individuals.

The judges should be as red-faced as the plaintiffs. They must know from the atmosphere of a case that the husband and wife have agreed to disagree, that the specific charge of “cruel and inhuman treatment” has more likely than not been trumped up, that the “abandonment” for the specified period of time was not “willful” but was agreed upon as prelude to a divorce. It is no secret that many a judge winks at collusion, technically a fraud on the court and a bar to divorce, and often at perjury.

The only state where a self-respecting man or woman can come into court and terminate a marriage without at least offering proof of prolonged separation is New Mexico. This state admits as a ground for divorce plain incompatibility, in reality the most common cause for divorce, marriage counsellors will tell you. It is interesting that a predominantly Catholic state should have a divorce law of this kind.

There are eleven other states where a couple may get a divorce in a civilized fashion — if they have chosen to live apart for from two to ten years without necessarily having acquired a legal separation. But of these only North Carolina, Louisiana and Wyoming make the period of no cohabi-

tation as short as two years, while Arkansas, a two-month residence divorce-mill state, makes the period of voluntary separation three years. This is the closest we come in the United States to divorce by mutual consent.

III

The Capper bill proves to be very little more enlightened than the sum of the majority of the state laws. It would grant divorce for (1) adultery, (2) cruel and inhuman treatment, (3) abandonment or failure to provide over a period of at least one year, (4) habitual drunkenness, (5) incurable insanity (period not specified), and (6) conviction for an infamous crime. Such a law could not of course be considered by Congress until the Constitution had been duly amended so as to remove from the states and to give to Congress jurisdiction over marriage, divorce and the custody of children.

Eventual passage of the Capper bill would be a blow to the divorce-mill states and it would end the interminable court battles over the property and legal status of individuals who are, at present, legally married in one state but not in another.

But it is plain that the Capper bill, based on the old penalty idea, would not write finis to perjury and collusion. It would, at the same time, stop up the safety-valve provided by the states which today put a liberal interpretation on “cruel and inhuman treatment” and have short residence

laws. In other words, the much-praised Capper bill would perpetuate injustice and corruption of the courts, in the name of reform.

The laws that we have, as well as the one Senator Capper would give us, represent a shocking cultural lag. It stands to reason that the outdated divorce law of New York and other illiberal states would have been repealed years ago if the "easy" states did not offer a way out for the influential and well-to-do.

Now, in New York state, many veterans are affronted and victimized by the state's rigid divorce laws. With their plight in mind, the legislation committee of the Affiliated Young Democrats of New York state this January urged the legislature to create a commission charged with the "modernization" of the state's divorce code.

"The rigid form of New York's divorce laws," the committee report said, "has given rise to a system of fraud, make-believe and easy divorce in which the bench, the bar and the public have all been open-eyed participants. . . ."

Writing in the same vein, the American Bar Association *Journal*, in its December 1947 issue, urged that "nation-wide attention" be focused on "efforts to clean up the scandals attending our divorce laws and their administration." The ABA organ said that the issue will be taken up at the May White House meeting of the National Conference on Family Life, of which it is one of the sponsors.

There are signs that the antediluvian foundations of our divorce laws are at least cracking. The legalistic inhuman concept of divorce, even though it is ecclesiastical in origin, is being discarded by an increasing number of church people, the Roman Catholics and fundamentalists excepted. The progressive Protestants are discovering that our divorce procedure runs counter to modern psychiatric findings. Even in the Protestant Episcopal Church there is a strong reform group which would leave it to the presiding bishop and his court to decide each case on its merits when remarriage is requested following divorce.

Such a recommendation was made by the Joint Commission on Holy Matrimony at this church's General Convention in Philadelphia in 1946. It was not accepted and in its stead an obscure and confusing compromise was adopted. Skirting the question of when divorce is justified, and omitting all reference to adultery for the first time, the new canon permits ecclesiastical annulment of a former union when certain "impediments" to a true Christian marriage are supposed to have existed.

Already two bishops have given a very liberal interpretation to the new canon. The Bishop of Lexington (Kentucky) last year permitted the marriage of a clergyman to Elizabeth Donner, who had already been twice married, the first time to Elliott Roosevelt, and subsequently divorced. And the Bishop of Michigan allowed

the marriage of a cathedral dean to a divorced woman.

A heated discussion is now going on in the Protestant Episcopal Church, between the liberals on the forward-looking side and the Right Reverend William T. Manning and the other strict constructionists, on the conservative side. Interestingly enough, there were only two women, but influential women, who sat on the seventeen-man joint commission. One of these, Mrs. Henry Hill Pierce of St. George's Church, New York City, had this to say of the commission's proposal:

You cannot magnify the importance of marriage by obliging two miserably unhappy people to stay married, or by denying them the privilege of remarriage. Children have been used as an argument against divorce, but how can any child profit from living in a home divided by tension and conflict?

Many signs show that public opinion is ready for a humane, just and socially constructive divorce code. Today not many people regard it as a social or moral disgrace when a man and woman decide that there are no values left in their marriage, migrate to another state and commit a fraud upon the courts to get their freedom.

Where the law lags behind accepted custom, nullification sets in and courts and legislatures are powerless to protect the authority of the law. There are now pending in the Supreme Court of the United States

two interesting test cases, both originating in Massachusetts, both involving out-of-state divorces. In one instance the commonwealth itself, not an aggrieved spouse, intervened to have the decree set aside. The justices must be frowning their brows over these cases, uncomfortably aware that they cannot set back society's clock.

An attempt at divorce reform is bound to be made sooner or later. Strong forces will oppose it, and certainly a fight for an honest Federal law, were the Capper bill to be rewritten, would be lost before it was begun in Congress.

But it could happen — if a public educational campaign were carried on beforehand — that a progressive mid-western or western state would lead the way. Such a state might be Wisconsin, which has pioneered in social legislation. Or it might be the state of Washington, which admits as a ground "personal indignities rendering life burdensome," and has, like Wisconsin, a one-year desertion provision in its divorce code.

The state that pioneers will have to revolutionize its concept of divorce, dispense with technical grounds and with them collusion and perjury. It will instead permit its judges, after exploring all avenues of reconciliation, to grant a decree of absolute divorce when it is evident that "the marriage cannot be preserved with benefit to both parties."

THAT FELLER OATES!

A STORY

BY AUGUST DERLETH

GREAT-AUNT Lou Stoll firmly believed that no one could get into trouble as easily as great-uncle Joe. "You take that time they bought the Haneider Tractor Works," she would begin, and go on until eventually she came to "the time that feller Oates come along . . ."

"That feller Oates" came along one morning when great-uncle and I were in the potato field. Great-uncle discovered him when he raised his head to sniff the warm south wind.

"I Jukas, there's something dead around here."

The words had hardly left his lips when he saw a fat little man, neatly dressed in a dusty black suit with a red-checker vest and a felt hat far back on his head, leaning on the old rail fence dividing the field from the road. He was chewing meditatively on a blade of grass, while eyeing us in profound commiseration not unmingled with pain. But his company was far more unusual than he — it was a small herd of goats grazing at the roadside. They were up wind and smelled to high heaven.

Seeing that he had been noticed, the little man raised his hat in a wide, free gesture. "Good morning, my friends," he said confidently. "As I came down the road, I perceived you hard at work planting those potatoes, and I began to think of those infernal pests, those garden rascals, the scourge of yon vegetable — the potato bug."

"Oh, the bugs ain't been bad," replied my great-uncle affably. "Last year . . ."

"Ah, but last year is gone," interrupted the little man. "It belongs to the past and its sorrows are too easily forgotten. This is another year; once again the succulent young shoots will fall victim to the orange and black predator; yes, my friend, once more all your work will come to naught if those small devils persist. It behooves you to lay them by the heels, and deliver yourself and your potatoes."

Great-uncle looked at him agape for a moment before he said, "Stranger, them fifty-cent words don't make sense t' me."

The little man blinked rapidly, took off his hat once more, patted his

AUGUST DERLETH was formerly a lecturer in regional American literature at the University of Wisconsin. He has written more than 40 books in the fields of fiction, poetry and biography. His latest work, *The Milwaukee Road*, was published last month by Creative Age.

wispy hair, and covered his head again. "My friend," he said sonorously, "do you want to buy for the small sum of twenty-five cents, one quarter of a dollar, a sure cure for that scourge of the patch, the potato bug? A small sum, my friend, and I guarantee the Oates Sure Fire Method. My friends guarantee it" — here he waved importantly at his goats — "and every farmer who's used it has never had to come back for more."

He took from the grass a battered box with a worn shoulder strap. By the time great-uncle and I reached the fence, he had opened the box and taken from it a small black bottle which he held up before us.

"There it is, this blessing for the farmer: all for one quarter."

"It's a small bottle," grumbled great-uncle. "But it ain't much lost, and it's worth a quarter to get them goats down wind. I'll take one."

The small business transaction concluded, great-uncle asked, "What you aimin' t' do with them goats, Mister?"

"Oates: Erasmus B. Oates, at your service, friend." Oates turned and eyed the goats proudly, while a fresh swell of wind engulfed us in an even stronger aroma. "These goats," he continued fondly, "these goats are my uncle's. He lives down Crawford County way. I'm taking them to him. That man sure does love goat's milk; yes, sir, he was raised on it. I recall one time when he lived in Kentucky, that man was near death from something or other: suffusion or depression: I forget at this time what the

doctors called it — but it was no ordinary disease, and the milk of these goats saved him. Now he wouldn't part with them for anything."

He shouldered his box, said, "Good-bye, friends!" tipped his hat once more and turned down the dusty highway, the goats after him. Ten steps away he burst into *Sweet Annie Rooney*, the words of which still came back to us after he had vanished from sight around a bend in the road.

My great-uncle looked at the bottle in his hand and put it into his pocket, eyeing me quizzically. "I don't reckon there was a milker among 'em, Old Timer," he said.

II

We had just risen from the dinner table that noon when Ed Burke came running into the yard, scattering a flock of pigeons whitely into the blue May sky. He was excited and angry about something. "Mad as a wet hen," said great-uncle, contemptively anticipating the enjoyment of Ed's ire.

Seeing us on the porch, Ed demanded, "Joe, you see a pedler with some goats?"

"Sure, a while back: hour or two," replied great-uncle. "Ain't left you one a his goats, has he?"

Ed swore. "That man's put it over on me. He sold me one a his bottles."

"Ain't it no good?" asked great-uncle, alarmed.

"No good!" shouted Ed. "It's good enough, all right."

"Don't holler so loud," cautioned great-uncle, but great-aunt Lou had

already heard and come inquisitively out to the porch, her eyes narrowed behind her crooked spectacles; her mouth a thin, forbidding line.

"Like as not Joe's bought one, too. Ain't you, Joe?"

Great-uncle looked sheepish and took the bottle from his pocket.

A faint grin touched Ed's lips. "Open it, Joe," he said.

Great-uncle opened the bottle and looked in. Hurt amazement showed in his eyes and the sudden droop of his mouth. He tipped the bottle up; two small sticks and a roll of paper fell into his palm. He unfurled the paper and read: *Place the bug on one stick and crush it with the other. We guarantee the Oates Sure Fire Method.* He handed the paper and the sticks to great-aunt without a word, but his crestfallen face spoke eloquently for itself, before he exploded into anger.

"I wish I had him here!" he said. "Him and his goats!"

"Joe, we ain't t' let him get away with that," said Ed firmly. "I been studyin' on it on my way over. I says t' myself, let Gus Elker, now he's justice a the peace, get out a paper and have that man arrested. You and I can charge him with swindlin'. We got this here evidence. I tell you what we can do: we can attach his goats. He sets mighty store by 'em. If he's headin' along Sixty like he said, he can't be much past Jed Talbot's, and Jed's constable; he can take and bring him here. We can telephone Gus and he can call up Jed."

"We'll do it," agreed great-uncle

at once. "We'll learn that tramp a lesson he ain't likely t' forgit."

"Best let it be," cautioned great-aunt. "Reckon you two were a-settin' and askin' for it to happen."

"Ain't nobody makin' a fool out a me," replied great-uncle in the face of Ed Burke's righteous agreement.

They went into the house, speculating excitedly, to telephone.

Great-aunt stood looking after them, shaking her head in disapproval: "'Pears t' me an all-fired fuss for a quarter."

We were in the field when Erasmus B. Oates returned, preceded by the unpleasant odor of his goats. Gus Elker had come over; he stood with us, feeling his importance as justice of the peace, his small chest puffed up, his sad eyes inexpressibly grave and doubly melancholy therefore, the half-moon of yellow mustache coffee-browned around his mouth. Tall, taciturn Jed Talbot shepherded Oates ahead of him, and Oates cried and clucked at his goats. Seeing us, Oates swept off his hat, grinning.

"Good afternoon, my friends, we meet again," he said jauntily, as if he had not a care in the world.

Gus had the papers ready. He delivered an injunction to Constable Talbot instructing him to attach the goats and put them into the only available place on the Elker farm, the Pocket just behind Gus Elker's house, and to confine the person of Mr. Oates to Gus Elker's granary until the next morning, when his trial would be held.

Oates stood listening with polite interest, but did not appear disturbed, and went willingly enough when Talbot hurried his charges across fields and pastures toward the Pocket.

Gus looked proudly after him, hands holding to the suspenders of his too large overalls. "I reckon that'll show 'im," he said. "Wait 'til he comes up for trial!" He took a deep breath. "My, this air smells good now them goats is gone!"

By evening, Gus Elker's proud satisfaction in his official power had paled. He came over shortly after chores, his lugubrious mouth curved downward in a semicircle, the yellow mustache pulled around it. He stood there, dejected, a small figure in his baggy overalls, the western sky aflame with copper afterglow behind him. His eyes were miserable.

"Joe, you, don't know what you and Ed let me in for," he mourned. "That hog-pen a your'n smells sweet as flowers compared t' my place in this west wind. This wind keeps a-blowin' goat smell right through the house, and the paper says winds prevailin' westerly."

"Make yourself right to home here, Gus," invited great-aunt Lou, a smile edging her lips.

Gus shook his head. "I come t' use the telephone. Mine don't rightly work, and I don't aim t' hurt that feller's feelin's; he thinks a lot a them goats: been talkin' about 'em every chance he gits. I reckon I can git Jed t' come over and move them goats off inta the woods somew'eres."

"Hoh! Why don't you move 'em yourself?" asked great-uncle.

Gus looked at him as if to shame his ignorance. "Can't do it," he replied. "I was all set t' do it, and I be dog if that feller Oates didn' up and tell me I couldn't, and by Jukas, I looked it up in the law book, and he was right. I can't touch hide nor hair a them goats — on'y Jed can do it; he's the feller got the right; I give 'em inta his hands."

He turned and went into the house.

"Now you see what you and Ed got Gus into, all for fifty cents," said great-aunt tartly. In a moment she added thoughtfully, "That feller Oates seems like a right smart man to me — too smart for you, Joe Stoll. Might be I better come to his trial."

My great-uncle said nothing, only looked at her in scorn.

The wind had long ago dissipated the barnyard odor, and now the evening air was filled with the sweet odor of plum and wild crabapple blossoms. Behind the barn, purple martins were talking sleepily, and in the Pocket, the first whippoorwill began to call. We sat in silence until Gus came out.

He was even more dejected than before. "That varmint has gone outa the country for t'night," he said. "And here I am stuck in with that smell. I like t' die if I ever had the like put on me!"

III

The morning was fresh and aromatic; the west wind prevailed, and all the way over to Gus Elker's place the

sweet fragrance of blossoms persisted. A thousand bird voices made pleasant music, and high in the blue a pair of hawks dove and soared in a love game. Everything alive paid tribute to the clear glory of the morning.

But Gus Elker's place was as different as a raw December day, for we had no sooner come out of his orchard than the goat smell stood in the air. The house was directly east of the small field where the goats were, and, despite the wind, the strong musk clung about the buildings.

Gus was spiritless. "Mornin', all," he greeted us. "'Tain't exac'ly nice here today."

The others were already there, and the defendant was in fine fettle. "Good morning, my friends," he said exuberantly. "A fine May day. I hope we may dispatch this matter quickly, so that I can be on my way."

"I hope so, too," said Gus.

Ed Burke, who had been sniffing the air, turned to Oates and asked, "What d' you do with all them goats?"

"I sell their milk," replied Oates promptly.

"I thought you tol' me they were your uncle's," put in my great-uncle indignantly.

"So I did, and so they are," responded Oates, smiling. "But while they are in my care, the milk is legally mine; it's an old principle of law: *bona fide res judica*."

Great-uncle looked bewildered and glanced at Gus. Ed Burke looked at each of them in turn, puzzled.

"What was that?" asked Gus finally.

"That was Latin, Your Honor," answered Oates smoothly.

Great-aunt Lou's eyes twinkled, and she smiled to herself.

Gus blinked. He passed a nervous hand over his mustache and said, "I reckon we c'n open court. Come into my front room."

We went into the house, where the goat smell lay almost as commandingly as it did outside. Gus sat down at a table with a row of thick books on it; the rest of us stood in a semi-circle before him. Gus opened a book and put on a pair of spectacles.

"Court's open," he said gruffly. "Let's hear your case, Joe."

Great-uncle grinned and stepped forward. He enjoyed charging Erasmus B. Oates with swindling him, and showed it. Ed Burke affirmed everything great-uncle had said.

Gus turned to Oates. "I reckon we can hear your story now."

"Your Honor," said Oates, bowing elaborately, "I demand counsel."

"You what?" asked Gus.

"I demand a lawyer," repeated Oates serenely. "This court has not appointed one."

"A lawyer!" exclaimed Gus. "Where you think we git a lawyer from? I be dog if I ever heard the like!"

"I stand on my rights," Oates went on. "But if the court will let me conduct my own defense, I'll waive the issue."

Gus had begun leafing through his

law books in search of something to cover the point, but he paused and looked angrily up. "You mean you'll be your own lawyer?"

"Exactly, Your Honor."

"All right. Then answer my question."

Oates held up a restraining hand. "Not yet, Your Honor. As my counsel, I demand the right of cross-examining the plaintiffs." He eyed Gus quizzically and rolled out, "*Non assumpsit*, Your Honor. Every justice in the land knows that famous old legal principle."

Gus was baffled. His face began to redden and he looked at his books helplessly. "All right," he grumbled. "Ask them."

Oates smiled with indrawn cheeks and turned to my great-uncle, waving a hand carelessly before his eyes. "Mr. Stoll, when I sold you this potato bug cure, did I make any claims?"

Great-uncle looked angrily at Gus. "Do I have t' answer that?"

Gus nodded morosely. "I guess you do, Joe."

My great-uncle turned reluctantly to Oates and said, "You promised me it'd cure my potatoes a bugs."

"And did it?"

Great-uncle's heavy face flushed with anger. "You don' think I be makin' a fool a myself chasin' them bugs with two sticks, do you?"

Oates looked hurt. "That isn't the question, sir. Did you or did you not give my Sure Fire Method a trial?"

"I didn't," grumped great-uncle.

'Do you have any doubt that if

you followed the instructions by placing the bugs on one stick and crushing them with the other, your potatoes would be rid of bugs?"

"But that ain't what I call a cure!" protested great-uncle.

Oates wagged a finger at him. "What do you call a cure, Mr. Stoll?" he asked.

Great-uncle waved his arms about and looked from one to the other of us, hardly knowing what to say. "Something that'll keep them bugs off my potatoes all year," he replied at last.

Oates looked injured. "Did I make any such claim for my method?"

"No," admitted great-uncle reluctantly.

"Did I at any time claim that the bottle contained any powder, poison, liquid or gas which would rid you of potato bugs?"

"No."

Oates smiled indulgently and turned to Ed, who by this time looked as if he wished he had not brought an action. When Oates finished with him, he left Ed as sullen as my great-uncle was.

Oates bowed to Gus. "Now, if Your Honor is ready, we'll call the defendant," he said. "Mr. Oates, take the stand!"

Gus looked around as if he expected someone else to rise up before him. "You talkin' t' yourself?" he asked.

Oates smiled with almost overbearing confidence and said, "As Your Honor knows, the principle of *res gestae in totidem verbis*: as counsel for

Erasmus B. Oates, I am now cross-examining the defendant, my client."

Gus was chagrined and bewildered; his melancholy eyes were profoundly sad, and his mouth kept working sullenly. "Go ahead," he said. "I can wait."

IV

Oates began to cross-examine himself, standing at one side of the table as counsel, at the other as defendant, so that he kept shuttling back and forth, to Gus' increasing bewilderment and anger. Oates' voice ranged from gentle persuasion in his questions, to righteous indignation in his replies.

"Mr. Oates, did you ever claim that your Sure Fire Method employed powder, gas, poison, or liquid? *No, sir, I did not!* Did you claim to rid potato fields of bugs for the remainder of the year? *Indeed not, sir!* Did you in fact make any claim incompatible with the results guaranteed by the use of directions enclosed within the bottles? *Never, sir!* Do you then hold that you stand wrongly accused? *I do so hold.*"

Oates paused, stepped back, and made Gus a sweeping bow. "Your Honor, I believe my client, Mr. Oates, is guiltless of the charge. In the words of the immortal Tort: *Animo furandi contra sed contra plus contra!*" He struck a pose with one arm upraised and fist clenched, and stood there watching Gus with cheeks sucked in and lips trembling. His eyes were twinkling with amusement, and he

seemed very well satisfied with himself.

Gus choked back his anger and looked speculatively at Oates. His face was as red as great-uncle's, and he kept biting his mustache. At last he turned to great-uncle. "You heard all that, Joe? Are them answers you give all true?"

"I guess so," admitted my great-uncle.

Gus looked at Ed, who nodded dolefully. Plainly, Gus did not know what to do. At this juncture, great-aunt Lou came forward, slid the *Statutes of Wisconsin* off the table, and leafed through it. In a few moments she pushed the book before Gus with her finger laid across a paragraph or two for Gus to read. Oates gave my great-aunt a contemplative glance while Gus read.

"If Your Honor please," said Oates, "all the evidence has been presented, and I am in a hurry."

Gus looked up, and for the first time since the hearing had begun, he smiled. He brushed at his mustache and turned to Oates. "I guess you win, Mr. Oates," he said. "We don't find proof a swindlin' these farmers."

Oates grabbed Gus' hand and shook it violently. "Thank you, Your Honor, thank you. You are a man of the world, a true light of justice. I take my departure in great joy."

Gus kept on smiling, his expression unchanged by so much as the flicker of an eyelid. "Hold on a minute, Mr. Oates," he said almost jovially. "I ain't adjourned this here court."

Oates stood back a little uncertainly and cocked his head, looking suspiciously from Gus to my great-aunt out of the corners of his eyes.

"They's one law I bet you know's well as I do, seein' you put on t' know so much," Gus went on. "If you ain't polite t' the judge, he's got a right t' take it out on your pocket-book. If you call the judge a liar, it's a lack a courtesy, ain't it?"

"I am well aware of it, sir," said Oates sententiously. "In the words of . . ."

Gus stood up so suddenly that he almost upset his table. "You keep them Latin words," he said heatedly. "You heard me askin' you what language you was talkin' outside before we opened this here case, didn't you?"

"Why, yes," answered Oates.

"And you kep' talkin' it all through this case knowin' I didn't understand a word of it — makin' a fool a me! You know what that is? It ain't courtesy, by Jukas, and Mr. Erasmus B. Oates, I fine you ten dollars for contemp' a court, and what's more, I fine you five dollars for maintainin' a nuisance along the public roads, and if I ketch you in the limits a this court's power in a hour's time, I'll fine you all over again!"

Gus banged the table so hard with his small fist that the heavy *Statutes of Wisconsin* slid off and hit the floor.

Erasmus Oates was taken aback. But only for an instant. Then he made a deep bow. "I accept the verdict of the court, Your Honor. Fif-

teen dollars from a hundred leaves you owing me eighty-five."

Gus stared at him. "Me owin' you money?" he shouted almost incoherently.

"Ah, my dear sir, the ancient legal principle of *habeas corpus*. Was I not falsely arrested? Indeed, I was. You yourself found me not guilty but a few moments ago. And it is an honorable legal right of every citizen to seek damages in such cases. A true *casus belli*, or should I say *casus dumbelli*? I assess my damages at a hundred dollars."

He stepped down and confronted Gus across the table. "But, Your Honor, rather than sue," he said, raising his voice with sonorous impressiveness, and wagging a pudgy finger at Gus, "rather than resort to law, sir, I am willing to overlook this small grievance, I will forego the eighty-five dollars I have coming, in consideration of my respect for your wisdom and my love for this beautiful land of milk and honey — and potatoes. Good morning, my friends!"

He bowed once more and walked out of the room as nonchalantly as he had walked in. Gus watched him open-mouthed, saying not a word to stop him, nor did great-uncle Joe or Ed Burke make any move to hinder his jaunty progress.

"It's worth it," exploded Gus at last. "It's worth every cent of it t' git rid a them goats." He looked reproachfully at great-uncle and Ed. "Ain't one a you ever raised eighty-five dollars worth a potatoes!"

WASHINGTON LOBBIES

BY RUTH FINNEY

LOBBY registration, which was hailed as one of the major reforms of the LaFollette-Monroney Act, is a year and a half old. By last September, 898 individuals and groups had registered under the Act, thereby signifying that they intended, or at least hoped, to influence legislation in Congress. They had given more or less complete information as to their salaries, bonuses and expense accounts. Newspapers had duly recorded these statistics.

The lobby registration act was not intended to ban lobbying, for lobbying cannot be stopped without impairing the constitutional right of petition. The Act was based on the assumption that forcing the lobbyists to come out into the open would deter them from abusing their rights. It was hoped that some of the grosser excesses of the lobbies might be curtailed.

It is obvious now that the hope was unjustified. Lobbying flourishes on a larger scale than has ever been seen before in Washington. More groups are lobbying, they are spending more money, and lobbies battling for private interests are winning more

victories. And in spite of the statements on file with the clerks of the Senate and House of Representatives, which are reproduced in fine print at intervals in the appendix of the *Congressional Record*, the people of the country know little more about the lobbies than they did two years ago.

The public disclosures made under the LaFollette-Monroney Act have not proved very enlightening. For the most part, the registrants appear to have told just about what they thought they had to — and no more. Until the Justice Department announced, last fall, that it would conduct an investigation of the extent to which the law was being obeyed, no attempt was made to verify the truth of the lobbyists' statements.

In listing their expense accounts, the lobbyists generally fall far below the standards set by TWA's Johnny Meyer. There are no champagne cocktails or "party girls" on the lists: they deal for the most part with such routine trivia as taxi fares, telegraph tolls and hotel bills. The salaries reported are, on the whole, astonishingly meager. Many men and women report that they lobby only for the

RUTH FINNEY has worked on the Washington bureau of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance since 1923. Previous to that she was city editor of the Sacramento Star for a year.

love of the cause they serve. Others report modest incomes. About 150 registrants said they did not know how much they would be paid, that the amount had not been agreed on, or that it would depend on the time required, etc. A number said they worked on a *per diem* basis, and were therefore unable to estimate total income. (At the \$300 *per diem* reported by one lobbyist, this might run into a substantial sum.)

The expense accounts do *not* mention such items as the large mansion maintained by Pan American in Washington which is staffed for entertaining, or the equally elaborate home Howard Hughes' TWA has across the river in Virginia. The registration list is, in fact, more notable for what it omits than for what it reveals. The expenditures enumerated add up to about five or six million dollars. The expenditures not enumerated could easily be ten times this amount.

There will be no reasonably correct estimate of the money spent in influencing legislation until some omniscient person compiles a record of all the lobbies' expenditures for entertaining in private homes; of the rent, food and servant bills of the groups that maintain houses, apartments and hotel suites in Washington; of the cost of parties such as that given this spring by the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association to honor Joe Grundy, for which special cars were provided to take members of the Pennsylvania congressional delegation to Philadelphia; of the campaign con-

tributions, both open and secret; of the money that changes hands deliberately at poker parties involving congressmen; of the legal retainers paid to law firms run by congressmen or members of their families; of the gifts to secretaries; of the extra office help furnished congressmen by Chambers of Commerce and other agencies; of the salaries promised and later paid to congressmen when they retire into private employment.

But most of these items remain unlisted. The people who do this sort of high-level influencing don't like to be called "lobbyists."

II

The list of 898 registered lobbyists thus tells only a small part of the story.

The record of their names, addresses, employers, salaries and expense accounts is an impressive one, and four times a year the public is "brought up to date" on their expenditures. There is a certain titillation for the press and public in all this. They discover there are one and two thirds lobbyists for each member of the Senate and House; that Purcell L. Smith, who gets \$65,000 a year from the National Association of Electric Companies, is the highest paid of eighteen utility lobbyists, and of all the others, for that matter; that twelve lobbyists for sugar, nine for oil, six for wool and six for livestock have written down their affiliations for everyone to see. It makes interesting reading.

But the list is neither complete nor entirely accurate. A few of the big lobbyists did register; many did not. You will search the record in vain for most of the top men in the real estate lobby, for instance. In many cases the registered "lobbyists" are only errand boys who serve as camouflage for their employers.

Just what does the record show?

One hundred and twenty-eight of the registered lobbyists represent labor. This lobby states the labor point of view on most public questions at committee hearings, and it speaks directly to congressmen about the feelings of workers in their districts.

Numerically, this is the largest of all the lobbies. Although the top men like Philip Murray and William Green did not register, this group seems to have been scrupulous about reporting the annual salaries of men who do even a little lobbying in Washington.

Veterans have some fifteen lobbyists registered, headed by John Thomas Taylor of the American Legion, an old hand at pressure tactics. The lobby's purposes and methods are well known, and its successes are increasing with the greater numerical strength it represents.

Thirty-six persons are registered as lobbyists for the Townsend plan, most of whom report that their pay consists of a percentage of the collections from the plan's supporters. The registration did serve to disclose that Dr. Francis E. Townsend receives \$7500 a year salary and that he has two other Townsends on the payroll for lesser

amounts, but so far the news has not penetrated to many of his ardent supporters and most of those who read it refused to believe it.

Religion is represented by Eugene J. Butler, registered for the National Catholic Welfare Conference, though he says he gives less than 20 per cent of his time to legislative matters, "since this is an incidental part of my duties as assistant director of the legal department."

Peace is pretty much in the hands of Frederick J. Libby, Mark R. Shaw, James Finucane, and Albion P. Beverage, all of whom are paid by the National Council for the Prevention of War. Libby has been a fixture in Washington for several decades; he still turns up at any committee hearing if he senses the threat of militarism. William A. Higinbotham, representing the Federation of Atomic Scientists, is also becoming familiar to congressmen.

Edward B. Dunford is the lone representative of the once-powerful Anti-Saloon League. The National Education Association has five men registered, the American Medical Association only one. Three are registered for the New York Stock Exchange and twenty-one for the Citizens' Committee on Displaced Persons, the latter including some highly-paid talent. Benjamin C. Marsh, now wrinkled and bowed with age, represents the "People's Lobby," as he has for many decades. He reports solemnly that while he has distributed material to hundreds of

papers and magazines, "I have not caused any to be published; it was intelligence on their part." He says his total contributions were \$2280.25.

The list of former congressmen now registered as lobbyists includes Robert Ramspeck, executive vice-president of the Air Transport Association; Clifton A. Woodrum, president-treasurer of the American Plant Food Council, Inc.; Albert E. Carter, representing the Pacific Gas and Electric Company of California; Clyde T. Ellis, executive manager of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association; Fritz G. Lanham, representing the National Patent Council, Inc., the American Fair Trade Council and the Trinity Improvement Association, Inc.; Wesley E. Disney, general counsel for the Independent Natural Gas Association of America; Jerry Voorhis for the Cooperative League of the United States of America; and Malcolm C. Tarver for the Committee on Taxation of the Barytes Industry of the United States.

III

The Act does not direct lobbyists to state their methods of influencing legislation, though it specifically says that persons who do nothing but testify before congressional committees are not required to register. Obviously, the influencing is expected to take some other form. What are these other forms?

The oldest, and perhaps the most honorable, method of lobbying in-

volves buttonholing a congressman and trying to persuade him, through sheer force of logic, to vote a certain way. This technique is now almost extinct. Legislators have built up an immunity to it, just as a patient can build up an immunity to certain drugs. It is still tried by a few earnest women with causes, but most of the conversations in Congress' corridors have to do with more practical matters.

Another technique is the mass telegram lobby. The legislator who receives the telegrams is supposed to get the impression that the folks back home are rising spontaneously and demanding action. This, too, has about worn itself out. Congressmen make a habit of answering telegrams from voters. Too many of their answers are returned marked "no such name or address"; and too often the constituents in question reply denying they had sent the messages to which their names were signed. Congressmen have little difficulty recognizing these faked telegram campaigns; they often respond by blaming the CIO, or whoever else may be fighting them. The only result usually is a righteous declaration that the congressman cannot be high-pressured and a vote for the other side.

The tried and true dinner-party approach still works for some lobbyists, incredible as it may seem. During the war, a man named John Monroe rented a house in Washington's fashionable R Street and succeeded in inducing senators, representatives and

higher-ups in the armed forces to attend his elaborate dinner parties. Monroe was interested in procuring war contracts. At one of his gatherings, former Congressman Compton White found present, among others, a group of New York butchers who spent much of the evening discussing their methods of buying and selling meat on the black market. Later when some of Monroe's activities were published, there were many red faces and a wave of "explanations." Yet Monroe was only a few shades more crude than some lobbyists who play on the almost universal willingness of public officials to put on dinner clothes and eat a free meal on any occasion.

But for the most part, lobbying today begins back home in a congressional district. It begins before the candidate has been elected, sometimes even before he has been named as a candidate. Some lobbyists exert their influence through donations of campaign funds. Eighty-two members of Congress have held public office of one sort or another through most of their adult lives, and in most cases that means their incomes are limited. Human nature being what it is, it is too much to expect that a congressman will do other than listen attentively when he gets a phone call from the man at home who gave generously to his campaign and now wishes a word with him on the state of the nation. This situation is aggravated by the fact that 257 congressmen have legal backgrounds, and their law firms

in many instances were closely identified with business interests. These men are apt to be especially receptive to "advice" from businessmen.

R. V. Fletcher, special counsel of the Association of American Railroads, is credited with devising a technique for dealing with legislators that has been widely used by businessmen. In a letter written in 1934 to another railroad man, he explained his idea:

All of us have long recognized that the only effective way to influence congressional action is to convince the influential men in each congressional district that the public interest and the interest of the railroads coincide.

I have the impression that most of the congressmen, particularly those living in the smaller states and in rural districts, depend for their support upon a comparatively few men in each county in their respective districts. If we could reach the men upon whom a congressman depends for advice and assistance in his political campaign, we could go far toward having the problem solved. It is perfectly clear that we cannot make much progress along this line unless we know who are the sponsors of these congressmen.

I have visualized a type of organization with which we could assemble here in Washington information as to who are the influential men in each congressional district. . . .

The railroads today have twenty registered lobbyists in Washington, at least one of whom owns up to a \$40,000 annual salary. The Fletcher letter suggests, more clearly than anything else could, the nature of their important duties.

Purcell L. Smith, \$65,000 a year

president of the National Association of Electric Companies, has said that one of his principal functions in the capital is the alerting of utility executives in different parts of the country and assisting them to prepare documents and testimony for presentation to Congress. Under Smith's leadership, the utilities lobby has been one of the most influential in Washington.



It was this lobby which tried, unsuccessfully (so far, at least), to push the Dondero bill through the House Public Works Committee. This bill would have taken from the Interior Department authority over the sale of power generated at reservoir projects under the control of the War Department. It would have taken from Interior — which has sold publicly generated power as cheaply as possible — the right to make power schedules. The case for the bill was made, for the most part, by utility company officials from Arkansas, Oklahoma and other states represented on the Public Works Committee. They did not register as lobbyists; they were not required to under the law.

Whenever Senate and House Appropriations Committees are doling out funds for the Interior Department, Mr. James B. Black, president of the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, comes personally to Washington to fight against appropriations for transmission lines in the California Central Valley Project. He does not register as a lobbyist. His permanent Washington lobbyists (one of whom is

Al Carter, formerly a Republican member of the House Appropriations Committee) assure him in advance of a receptive audience, but he does the testifying himself. And his word is apt to carry weight with men outside his operating area, for in addition to being head of the West's largest utility, he is a director of United States Steel, Southern Pacific, Equitable Life, and other corporations.

The fine hand of the utility lobby was visible last year when Representative William J. Miller of Connecticut introduced legislation to remove from Federal control some 75 per cent of the electric companies now regulated by the Federal Power Commission. Mr. Olcott D. Smith and Mr. Robert Stacy, attorneys for the Connecticut Power and Light Company, sat with Representative Miller in all conferences on the bill, and during the testimony it became evident that they understood it better than did its ostensible author.

IV

Lobbies, registered and unregistered, have scored some notable victories in recent years.

The battle against OPA was spearheaded by lobbyists for four industries — cotton and textiles, automobile dealers, retail dry goods dealers and livestock. (In this case many congressmen went out of their ways to help the lobbyists.) The amendments that wrecked enforcement of the price control act were written by representatives of these four and other in-

dustries; the National Association of Manufacturers also participated. These lobbies coached congressmen in the meaning of the legislation. One count of lobbyists sitting in the senators' family gallery during voting on the bill and amendments totaled 39, including the president of the NAM. A stream of page boys carried notes from this gallery to members on the floor.

Long before the voting began, however, preliminary spadework had been done in every section of the country. Six livestock and meat trade associations had charge of the drive to make the public feel aggrieved about the meat situation. A man who seems to alternate between the public payroll and that of the National Retail Dry Goods Association was counsel for the House committee that "investigated" OPA.

Activities of the real estate lobby in the last session appear to have made even President Truman angry. In addition to keeping the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing bill from coming to a vote, it succeeded in all but terminating rent control, and in making possible the "voluntary" rent increases that thousands of tenants are now paying. This lobby apparently has at least \$5 million to spend, and one of its affiliates, the National Foundation of Home and Property Owners, boasts that its membership includes Senators John W. Bricker of Ohio and Albert W. Hawkes of New Jersey. Of the lobby's top men, only Morton Bodfish of the

United States Savings and Loan League is registered, and he is one of the 150 lobbyists who omitted to state the amount of their compensation. The list of members also includes a number of former Federal officials who were hired away from government housing agencies.

Much of the actual drafting in the House of the Hartley bill (later part of the Taft-Hartley Act) was done by William Ingles, a lawyer who has registered as a lobbyist for the Allis-Chalmers Co., the Fruehauf Trailer Co., the J. I. Case Co., the Falk Corporation and the Inland Steel Co. Ingles worked in House Labor Committee rooms assisting Representative Ralph W. Gwinn of New York, as did attorneys for the NAM and the United States Chamber of Commerce. Theodore R. Iserman, an attorney for the Chrysler Corporation, also helped in working out details of the Hartley bill. (Representative Arthur G. Klein of New York advised the House of these facts during debate on the bill.)

The sugar act passed last year was written for the most part by the industry. The beet and cane sugar men, and other interested parties, submitted a draft bill which was accepted and backed by the Agriculture and State Departments, who added to it only a few amendments relating to Cuba. Representative John W. Flanagan, Jr., of Virginia related these facts on the floor of the House last July 10, when the bill was pending, and added: "I am here to tell you that

no member of the Agriculture Committee assisted in preparing this bill, and I am afraid very few, if any, of the members of this body really are acquainted with the provisions of this legislation." Representative Flanagan named Robert H. Shields, formerly employed by the Commodity Credit Corporation and the Production and Marketing Administration, and now with the United States Beet Sugar Association, as the actual author of the bill. Sugar's twelve registered lobbyists pushed the bill through Congress in a stormy end-of-session rush.

The wool lobby forced through most of the provisions of its price support bill last winter. The bill was passed despite a frantic flight home from the International Trade Conference at Geneva by Under Secretary of State Will Clayton, who begged that selfish interest be laid aside in behalf of world recovery.

The speed with which the House of Representatives in the seventy-ninth Congress passed the Bulwinkle bill, exempting railroads from the anti-trust laws, was a testimonial to the careful work of the railroad lobby in Washington and at home. Senate passage of the bill in the eightieth Congress was even more impressive.

No legislation has been proposed in Congress to tighten the provisions of the lobby registration act, and no attempt has been made in Congress to investigate the activities of lobbyists. Instead of attempting to fight off

the business interests who exert a growing influence on our legislators, Congress has passed a law forbidding executive departments to engage in "propaganda."

The LaFollette-Monroney Act specifically exempts from registration members of the executive branch who make recommendations to Congress on legislation. Presumably this is part of their duty. Soon after every bill is introduced it is sent to the executive department affected, and the latter is supposed to issue comment and recommendations. Despite this fact, many officials who testified at committee hearings last year — even some who were only recommending that existing law be retained — were castigated as propagandists.

A committee of the House which is investigating "lobbying" by the executive departments tried to prove that newspaper stories explaining bills to wreck Federal regulation of utilities were "inspired" by Federal departments and constituted a violation of the ban on propagandizing. War Department officials are under attack because they continue to press for universal military training. Amusingly enough, the most recent outcry about executive "lobbying" comes from a registered lobbyist for the National Independent Meat Packers' Association. He is Wilbur La Roe, Jr., of Washington, who charged the War Department with "propagandizing to develop a spirit of militarism."

Meanwhile, the real lobbies are still going their merry ways.

THE STATE OF TEXAS

BY STANLEY WALKER.

O. HENRY, who was sent to prison from Austin, Texas, wrote in one of his stories: "In Texas you may journey for a thousand miles in a straight line." Years later Stephen Leacock, in a shrewd appreciation of O. Henry, called this statement "brazen." Fact is, one can only travel 801 miles in a straight line and still be in Texas; O. Henry was 199 miles off, but the distance is so picayune as not to be worth quibbling about.

Thus with everything about the state. Anything one may say about it and its people is approximately true — that is, in certain lights, in certain places, at certain times, and in the eyes of certain beholders. And the really remarkable thing about the state is not its size (263,644 square miles) but its conglomerateness, not only in natural characteristics but in racial origins and the individual traits of the citizenry. That is why it is a state of paradoxes, of contradictions, difficult alike to the scientific and the lay interpreter.

I ought to be an authority on Texas. All four of my grandparents were among the early settlers; my kins-

men, near and remote, include farmers, cattle raisers, sheep men, politicians, educators, squirrel shooters, feudists, land speculators, Indian fighters, railroad men, gamblers, sheriffs, deacons, outlaws and God only knows what else. All my life I have read everything I could lay my hands on concerning Texas; today, back on a ranch after more than a quarter of a century in New York, I try to keep up with what's going on in the entire state. And yet, when a Yankee visitor asks me what seems to him a simple question, I find myself hedging, and answering: "Well, I wouldn't quite say that," or "That's only partly true," or "That was more or less the case at one time, but it isn't the fact now," and so on.

At the same time, I don't think this hesitation and hair-splitting entirely disqualifies me as an expert. I suppose I am somewhat like a veteran witness who has been on the stand so many times, and fenced with so many smart lawyers, that he has become over-cautious, hard to pin down to a flat yes or no. I dislike the idea of being juggled for perjury.

STANLEY WALKER contributed "The Dallas Morning News" to December's MERCURY. He is a veteran newspaper editor, whose books include City Editor and Mrs. Astor's Horse. He now lives on a ranch in Texas. This is the seventh in a series of state profiles.

II

Here is what I mean: Take a few of the common generalizations about Texas and examine them.

(1) *Texas was settled in large part by fugitives who left behind them the simple note "Gone to Texas," by ignoramuses, wild men, and extremely poor people.*

Hardly. All these people, and worse, were in Texas in the early days, but the backbone of the new country, Stephen F. Austin's colony, was made up of decent, hard-working and ambitious men and women. Practically all of them could read, though some, it is said, had to move their lips while doing so. The yearning for education and a sort of culture, and a feeling for the genteel tradition, were evident at the beginning. Log school-houses, institutes, academies, seminaries, and a few so-called colleges were founded almost as soon as the horses of the immigrants were unhitched. To be sure, this, like the establishment of law and order, was sometimes uphill work, but that is not to be wondered at in any frontier settlement.

(2) *Texans are boisterous, given to vainglorious brags, loud-mouthed, fond of crude practical jokes, and contemptuous of the commonly accepted niceties of civilized behavior.*

Here there is abundant evidence to support the generalization. Look, anywhere in the world, for the man who threw the first bottle, swung the first punch, or fell down the first flight of stairs, and the odds are that you will find he was a Texan. However, to be

fair about it, Texas has been over-advertised in this respect. It is true that lout-worship is popular in Texas, that the mucker pose is common, and that vulgarity for vulgarity's sake is highly esteemed in some circles; but the majority of Texans are courteous, quiet, deferential to the opinions and prejudices of others, slow to take offense, and almost pathetically eager to conform to the customs of whatever heathen community they happen to be in. For example, the rootin', tootin', Fort Worth newspaper publisher, Amon G. Carter, who in manner and haberdashery has impressed people in many parts of the world — and not always favorably — has his periods of calm when he can be subdued, thoughtful, generous, charming and sensible.

(3) *Texas men, as a rule, are brave, self-reliant, inventive, and fabulously high in sex appeal and performance.*

Well, there is a small nugget of pure truth in all this, but not much. Texans are probably about as brave, or as craven, as other people; this is a matter hardly susceptible of proof. As for self-reliance, in the early days they had to depend upon themselves; now, with few exceptions, they line up at the trough for their share of the federal bounty, whether in the form of subsidies, price guarantees, or funds for building roads. As for inventiveness, the record is not striking. Examples: The pants of the Texans for generations were made by Levi Strauss of San Francisco; their barbed wire was invented by Joseph Glidden of DeKalb, Ill.; their hats were made by

John B. Stetson of Philadelphia; McCormick of Illinois built their reapers; their revolvers, or equalizers, were the work of Colonel Sam Colt of Connecticut; their wagons were by Studebaker of Indiana; and Henry Ford of Michigan lifted them out of the mud. There is one invention, the "Texas gate," a primitive contraption made of barbed wire with two stout sticks at each end, which is in general use throughout the West. As for the sex business, statistics are hard to come by. It is probable that the debilitating heat of the Texas summers, which surely cuts all creative work by at least thirty per cent, places the Texan under an insurmountable handicap.

III

(4) *Certain inherited strains, coupled with certain strength-giving elements in the soil, have made the Texan a superior physical and mental specimen, a race more or less apart — possibly even a super-race.*

The most successful farmers in Texas have been the German and Czech immigrants, together with a sprinkling of Italians and Alsations. They look about as anyone would expect them to look. In East Texas, many of the early settlers came from Mississippi and Alabama; their descendants have the same awful diet, the same wasted farms, the same narrow outlook, the same torpor, that their cousins back home have. Certain great areas in Texas have very poor soils; a spot like Deaf Smith County, however, is so rich in miner-

als that the people simply reek with vitamins, and it is entirely possible that the geneticists, if given a free hand, could produce some pretty fancy human beings there. However, there has come to be accepted a traditional type of Texan, something like this: of slightly more than medium height, lean, a trifle stooped, moderately hook-nosed, slow-gaited, cautious of speech, with squinty eyes that are usually blue but often gray or hazel. This type abounds in great numbers; it is based upon the Tennessee hillbilly stock which had a stronger hand in the settling of Texas than any other.

(5) *Texas is hopelessly church-ridden.*

This is by no means altogether true. The restrictive, depressing, debilitating blanket of the evangelical sects, more particularly the Baptists, lies very heavy upon many parts of the state; it is in large part responsible for the fact that, under local option, more than half the counties of Texas are dry. In many sections dancing is virtually taboo. The censorious eye is everywhere; a cowardly friend of mine in wet Austin, a well-known tippler, is afraid to take a drink on his front porch of a warm summer evening because his next-door neighbor is a Baptist and a teetotaler. And yet all such matters are easy to overemphasize. The free man, if he watches his step reasonably well, can get along in Texas about as well as anywhere else. And contrary to often-expressed opinion, it is not always necessary to

be on the good side of the Baptists to be elected to any office in Texas. It must be borne in mind that the majority of Texans belong to no church whatever. Moreover, the evangelical brethren have been guilty of so many silly excesses (witness the resolution adopted by the Baptists asking Pat Neff, as president of Baylor University at Waco, not to confer a degree upon President Truman on the grounds that Truman, although a Baptist, was known to be a fast man with a drink — a resolution which Neff had the decency to ignore) that their weight in politics is nothing to be afraid of.

(6) *Texas women, taking them by and large, are the most beautiful and altogether charming creatures to be found anywhere on God's green footstool.*

This generalization is highly debatable. Visitors to Texas, encountering good looking college students, stenographers, waitresses, salesgirls and elevator operators, are sometimes carried away by their enthusiasm. Also, many pretty models and showgirls have been bred in Texas. But there is no proof that Texas women are prettier than those of a half dozen other sections of the country. Moreover, with depressing frequency one encounters fairly attractive looking women whose charm is tragically marred by bad voices — nasal, twangy, flat or whiny. The bossy, brassy woman, the sort who attempts to dominate whatever man or situation comes her way, is definitely in

the ascendancy in Texas. Snobbery is rampant. Gold diggers, both respectable and otherwise, abound in great numbers, and their depredations, since admiration for success is singularly prevalent in Texas, are generally approved as perfectly legitimate. Texas husbands may be great warriors, reared in the tradition of the Alamo, but they have allowed themselves to be kicked about, hornswoggled and henpecked beyond all reason. The evidence of this is so abundant that any realistic observer notices it at once, and is amused or shocked, or both. Look for a matriarchy a half century from now.

The foregoing are only a few of the beliefs concerning Texas and Texans which, while they may have a certain plausibility on their face, are either not true at all or at best only partly true. They could be multiplied indefinitely.

IV

Texas is a happy hunting ground for devotees of the physical sciences, particularly the geologists, the botanists and the bird lovers. The physical characteristics of the state are wonderfully mixed up. And yet, as an accurate enough simplification, we may say that the state is divided into three great belts, each of which has differences not merely in appearance but in culture — that is, the forest, the prairie and the desert. There are the canebrakes and the deep forests of East Texas, the humid and tough coast town of Port Arthur, the great rose

gardens of Tyler, the green and Yankeeified irrigated valley of the lower Rio Grande, the high and lonely old city of El Paso far in the west, the still unspoiled cattle ranges such as the Matadors and a hundred others, the dry and incredibly wild Big Bend country, the tree-covered rolling hills of central Texas — these areas, and many others, make up the captivating picture of the state.

And it is a fact, I think, that as a traveler moves westward from the Sabine River, the eastern boundary of Texas, he will find that the people become — sometimes with almost imperceptible gradations — more hospitable, breezier, more generous, more progressive, and generally more alert and attractive. The streets are cleaner, the slums fewer, the public business conducted more efficiently. Some may quarrel with this broad generalization, but it surely is not far wide of the mark.

Texas makes its living, in the main, from three sources: oil (with which we may include gas, sulphur and allied products), cattle, principally the white-faced, chunky Herefords; and farming.

Cattle and cotton once were dominant. They are still important, but in the course of the last 45 years, and more especially since the discovery of the vast East Texas field eighteen years ago, oil has become the mainspring of Texas. The state produces more than a billion and a quarter dollars' worth in a year, and the end to this flow may not come for 40 or 50 years.

The influence of this new monster, oil, reaches into most of the state's 254 counties. It has brought riches to simple, befuddled farmers and shopkeepers; it has allowed such an enormous enterprise as the King Ranch in South Texas to solidify its position and to branch out into many experiments, not the least of which has been the successful breeding of race horses. Robert Calvert, an astute Texas politician, made the remark last year that "oil runs Texas." He did not amplify, and he condemned no one. Mr. Calvert was not far wrong. It is frequently charged — usually, alas, by demagogues and the more irresponsible "liberal" elements — that oil tries to dominate politics, the state educational system, and almost everything else. Certainly oil money has had a part in the election of more than one important candidate. Certainly many Eastern capitalists siphon off their share of the golden stream. But that is by no means the whole story.

Oil has helped build cities — and some of them, notably Houston and Dallas, are remarkable for their liveliness, their strivings for Culture, their generally excellent architecture and their healthy pride. Oil money has gone into hospitals, colleges, research foundations and many other useful projects.

Not unexpectedly, oil money has also produced a strange new race of well-to-do folks. The old cattle barons were playful at times, often arrogant, open-handed, well meaning diamonds in the rough. The new oil barons are

cut from a similar pattern, but there are many refinements. By more or less common acclaim the beau ideal of oil millionaires is E. DeGolyer of Dallas — rich, distinguished looking, suave, well read, and the owner of probably the best private library in Texas. There is as much difference, however, between DeGolyer and the ordinary oil-rich roughneck as between a statesman and United States Senator W. Lee (Pass the Biscuits, Pappy) O'Daniel.

It was inevitable, also, that oil money should have a striking effect, usually unfortunate, upon the women-folks.

Some go in for costly genealogical research, trying to prove that, by God, way back yonder, their folks amounted to something; others, the neurotics and the crackpots, endow seminaries for the hatching of more and yet more preachers; others hit the New York cocktail trail or the race-tracks; others, at dreadful discomfort, wear mink coats in warm weather, and help support such fine stores as Neiman-Marcus in Dallas and Foley's in Houston; still others are able to indulge their natural bents, and become bums and drones and pests in various revolting forms. A few, mercifully, remain decent, sensible women.

V

The wonders of Texas, its wealth, its startling scenery in spots, its romantic history, its handsome citizenry, its sapphire skies, its tall buildings, its fascinating wildlife, have been pretty

thoroughly mauled over, and to dilate upon them here would be to emphasize the obvious and the well known. A good question, to ascertain the approximate truth, is "What's the matter with Texas?" William Allen White in 1896 asked that question about Kansas, and though he lived to regret it, it made sense at the time. What ails Texas, and what, if anything, can be done about it?

The state should have a two-party system. Every thoughtful man in the state recognizes this, but few are willing to become Republicans — even though, in their thinking, they may be much nearer to the party of Robert A. Taft than to that of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Texas is essentially conservative. For example, public sentiment in the state is overwhelmingly in favor of the open shop. If a large number of the conservative leaders would admit their Republicanism, the state might — this, of course, is pious surmise — eventually get away from the present system, under which Democratic hacks are preferred.

Texas should revise its liquor law to permit the serving of hard liquor at public bars. The present law, in the wet counties, provides for liquor stores, but it is impossible anywhere in the state legally to belly up to a bar with a friend and have a snort. As a result, the orderly conduct of business and social affairs is seriously impeded. Texans either ruin their digestions at soft drink counters or they stand in sad little groups on the streets, trying to get in a word with their

friends. The domineering womenfolk and the Protestant churches are responsible for this ridiculous state of affairs, which is as inefficient as it is immoral. Under the present set-up, excessive drinking is actually encouraged. A man will buy a bottle or two of liquor at a package store and then hide in a hotel room, the home of a friend, or in the back seat of an automobile, until it is all gone — and he, naturally, is as stiff as a mountain goat.

Texas should bring its State Constitution up to date. Almost every year some measure is presented to the people in the form of an amendment, so that now the battered old document is a hopeless patchwork. Much-needed measures cannot be put through without much hocus pocus and delay. Now and then there is talk of calling a constitutional convention, but nothing happens. One reason for the caution is that the wets are afraid the dries will try to rivet prohibition into the Constitution, as they did in Oklahoma; the dries, on the other hand, are afraid of the wets.

Texas, with all due regard for the glories of its past, should try, probably by easy stages, to rid itself of ancestor worship. Texans study folklore, collect letters of the pioneers, gobble up biographies of heroes from Sam Houston down to Jim Ferguson, and are proud if a great-uncle shook hands with such baboons as Shanghai Pierce or Bigfoot Wallace or Chief Quanah Parker of the Comanches. They revere the past and often pay little attention to what goes on under their noses.

Mr. J. Frank Dobie, the old folklorist, did much to bring about this obsession with yesterday. A year or so ago, he turned on his own creation and announced that most cowboys were just ignorant, lowdown hired men. He said he wanted to look at the contemporary scene for a while. This shocking about-face, not the fact that he professes to be a "liberal," is the real reason that Dobie, now out of his job at the University of Texas, is looked at reproachfully by many who used to be his admirers. He broke the ikons that he himself had helped to fashion.

The Texas criminal law, together with the public attitude toward crime, needs reform. As matters stand now, it is easier to get away with an atrocious homicide than the theft of a cow, a horse or an automobile — and, if convicted, the penalty is often less severe. The State Court of Criminal Appeals has become an almost farcical body; its most recent howler was in reversing the murder conviction of a man who had "stomped" his victim to death, on the grounds that the indictment did not specify that he had done the stomping "with his feet."

Texas needs better hotels and restaurants, and the total abolition of juke boxes. Eating out in Texas is usually a dismaying experience; one may name a half dozen restaurants that are passable, and then the mind reels. Some Texas homes, and a few clubs, still serve good food; but the quality of all eating has declined in my own lifetime. Women have more

leisure; they have more modern equipment, they have access to dozens of new cook books by experts, they have available the wisdom of chefs and dietitians and nutrition sharks — and nothing happens. The people go on eating thin hard-fried steaks, dry and stringy barbecue, soggy biscuits, brown beans and cheap candy, washed down with soda pop and iced tea.

Texas needs a saner attitude toward the Latin-Americans of Mexican descent, both citizens and non-citizens, as well as toward the Negroes. In the case of both these groups, however, things are looking up a little bit. The Negroes are getting more money for education, and the Mexicans are having their rights looked after not only by an official commission but by many well-meaning individuals. The injustices in this field are numerous, and of long standing. But, even though lily-white Texans regard themselves as a superior breed, they are finally trying to do the right thing — or what passes for the right thing — by their less favored brethren. It is a long pull.

VI

Finally, there is one need which, to my mind, overshadows all the rest: Texas should be given back her independence, which she so foolishly signed away in 1846.

This is by no means a revolutionary suggestion, though on its face it may sound unconventional. It should be remembered that Texas entered the Union on a basis different from that

of all the other States; that is, she came in by treaty of annexation. What would be more simple than for Texas, with the Congress of the United States giving its gracious (and probably happy) acquiescence, to repeal or abrogate the treaty of annexation and resume its way as a separate country? I am told by eminent legal authority that this could be done.

The advantages of such a course would be manifold. Texas, either as a republic or as a constitutional monarchy (there would be no difficulty whatever in finding a family well-equipped in looks, money, brains and inclination to assume the royal burden) would be an effective buffer nation between the United States and Latin America. The United States, by trade treaties, could continue its profitable financial arrangements with Texas; in time of war Texas without question would be an active and even ferociously ally of the United States.

Uncle Sam could not possibly be the loser by such a scheme. And it would be a wonderful thing for Texas. It would be a rich country, with a soul-stirring tradition. Its pride would not be wounded by being called just another state — like Mississippi, Delaware or Vermont. Texas could go ahead and let its ego flourish; its navy could disport itself in the Gulf of Mexico; it could try any and all the outlandish nostrums, religious, political and economic, that it yearned for; it could add strength to its own form of nationalism, which even now is well-nourished; it could, perhaps

best of all, proceed with the development of the magnificent Texas genes to the end that at last a race could be reared which would be like what the Lord God Jehovah, in his more idealistic and constructive moments, probably had in mind in the first place.

Not long ago, in conversation with a Boston lady, a certified intellectual, I happened to allude to some of the shortcomings of Texas, as they appeared to me, and she was horrified, saying she could not imagine anyone wanting to live in such a place. Then I had to go into a lot of odious comparisons to prove that her own city, or New York, or Chicago, and certainly Philadelphia, possessed defects of an even more unpleasant and certainly more incurable nature.

Allusion to such shortcomings is, I think, a good antidote for the wearisome stuff put out by the professional gushers. I have by no means exaggerated them.

And yet — I live in Texas not by compulsion but by preference. I find its people, taking them one with another, highly agreeable, often amusing, and generally intelligent. They have a core of good sense and rugged character, and a straightforwardness that is refreshing. Their judgments of people, of the genuine and the spurious, are pretty accurate. True, they will send a Pappy O'Daniel to the Senate, but it is a good bet that they have already repented of that folly.

The ordinary citizens of Texas are free to admit that they have not been

fair to the Negro, that there is a good deal of wholly preposterous anti-Semitism in the state, and that on many fronts the word for Texas is "backward." But, little by little, all these problems are being dealt with — most effectually by Texans themselves rather than by outside reformers and agitators. Likewise there is a growing alertness to such matters as conservation, better agricultural methods, rural health and so on. So long as the state is not complacent — and it certainly is not complacent — then there is hope.

Moreover, I like what might be called the bustling, combative, free and easy border spirit of Texas. As countries go, it is young. As a boy I talked with old men who had known the Founding Fathers, who had spoken with Houston and Lamar and Rusk and Ashbel Smith and the other immortals. The pains of being young and expansive are many, but the rewards are also great. For once I must string along with the boosters and admit that I know of no area in America which can compare with Texas in opportunity in an almost endless variety of fields — for the physician, the school teacher, the restaurant keeper, the nurse, the farmer, the technician, the newspaper publisher, and for skilled labor of every sort. They are needed, and they will be astonished at the warmth of their welcome.

Texas a paradise? Well, yes. A grade B paradise, maybe, but a paradise nonetheless. Yippee!

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



DRAMA WITHOUT STYLE

IT IS the increasing impression of an observer of the contemporary American stage that the ability of most of its more conspicuous playwrights is seriously disabled by the infirmity of their literary style. With slight exception, any trace of distinction is lacking in even the case of the relatively better plays, and the result is a drama that, however commendable it may be in other directions, has about it an air either of spurious cultivation or of downright commonness.

It isn't that the playwrights do not strive for style. The striving is often only too clammily obvious. It is that by and large they seem to be either incompetent to achieve it or mistake for it a prose which suggests rented white tie and tails or a poetic expression which weds a Tin Pan Alley lyricism with a hamburgered verse form. As examples of the one and the other we may take such figures as S. N. Behrman and Maxwell Anderson.

Some years ago, Behrman's writing seemed to be on the point of developing a style both graceful and witty, and in one or two instances was even successful in realizing it. But presently what had borne tokens of some authenticity tended more and more toward the manufactured botanical variety and soon produced any number of such fancy little blossoms (I quote from *Dunnigan's Daughter*) as "I was thinking—a multitude of thoughts—little winds of thoughts, springing up and dying down"; and "A slim, golden column; you could be a caryatid holding up the roof of some exquisite Greek temple." Let alone such exalted titbits as "I sense in you tonight a singular mixture of allure and threat"; "The constant hazard rather piques me"; and "A heart-murmur, he said. I was enchanted with the phrase. A murmur. Sounds like a berceuse. Should be set to music, don't you think? By whom? Debussy, if he were alive. . . ."

Worse still, what earlier was simple, fluid and unaffected became transmuted into such jerks and rattles as

"The function of the platitude. Very useful. As useful as the coins in a shop. No matter how worn, they serve. If not for platitudes, we should have to bare our hearts. Would one care, in general conversation, for all that nudity?" Or into such starched phraseology as "Surely, Ferne — you are intelligent — surely you don't believe in this universal love-myth hypocritically promulgated by the vested religions." Or into bubble-gum like "The serpent in the garden of Eden — he is coiled around us. We have to throw him off, some way. Evil is mobilized. Goodness not. Goodness is like you, mixed up, not resolute. Yesterday, Ferne, I saw a chance to play God; everybody likes to play God a little bit; but that is dangerous. The other God has seized me. The blind God . . ."

Anderson's gestures toward lyric expression have frequently led him into a style not less phony. Though now and again he may capture a pretty phrase, a telling line, the bulk of his later writing amounts to little more than a cotton fancy draped in imitation tulle. In illustration:

Nothing but just to be a bird, and fly,
and then come down. Always the thing
itself
is less than when the seed of it in thought
came to a flower within, but such a flower
as never grows in gardens.

In even more touching further illustration:

You should have asked the fish what
would come of him

before the earth shrank and the land
thrust up
between the oceans. You should have
asked the fish
or asked me, or asked yourself, for
at that time
we were the fish, you and I, or they were
we —
and we, or they, would have known as
much about it
as I know now — yet it somehow seems
worth while
that the fish were not discouraged, and
did keep on —
at least as far as we are.

Compare the pseudo-polished comedy style of a Behrman with, for example, the simple, finished product of an English comedy writer like Maugham. A speech or two from *The Circle* will do. "For some years," remarks Champion-Cheney, "I was notoriously the prey of a secret sorrow. But I found so many charming creatures who were anxious to console, that in the end it grew rather fatiguing. Out of regard to my health I ceased to frequent the drawing-rooms of Mayfair." Or the same character's "It's a matter of taste. I love old wine, old friends, and old books, but I like young women. On their twenty-fifth birthday I give them a diamond ring and tell them they must no longer waste their youth and beauty on an old foggy like me. We have a most affecting scene, my technique on these occasions is perfect, and then I start all over again."

Or, finally, Teddie's familiar, "But I wasn't offering you happiness. I don't think my sort of love tends to

happiness. I'm jealous. I'm not a very easy man to get on with. I'm often out of temper and irritable. I should be fed to the teeth with you sometimes, and so would you be with me. I daresay we'd fight like cat and dog, and sometimes we'd hate each other. Often you'd be wretched and bored stiff and lonely, and often you'd be frightfully homesick, and then you'd regret all you'd lost. Stupid women would be rude to you because we'd run away together. And some of them would cut you. I don't offer you peace and quietness. I offer you unrest and anxiety. I don't offer you happiness. I offer you love."

Or contrast the synthetic poetic expression of an Anderson with the true singing line of an Irish playwright like O'Casey: "Ashamed I am," proclaims O'Killigain in *Purple Dust*, "of the force that sent a hand to hit a girl of grace, fit to find herself walkin' beside all the beauty that ever shone before the eyes o' man since Helen herself unbound her tresses to dance her wild an' willin' way through the streets o' Troy." Or Avril's reply:

"It's I that know the truth is only in the shine o' the words you shower on me, as ready to you as the wild flowers a love-shaken, innocent girl would pick in a hurry outa the hedges, an' she on her way to Mass."

II

In the case of playwrights who elect to abjure the chichi rhetoric of a Behrman or the rhythmic calisthenics

of an Anderson, any chance for style goes aground on their peculiar theory as to the spoken word. It is apparently their conviction that the latter can under no circumstances bear any resemblance to the written or so-called literary word, and that, as a corollary, it can have verisimilitude only if it lacks grace. The consequence is dialogue which often not only bears small relation to human speech above the grade of that employed by the lower order of morons but which is ugly and painful to the critical ear.

The notion that the spoken word is dramatic only if it departs sharply from what may be called the literary word is responsible for night after night of such sore lingo as the following:

A. Don't fling that at me, Mr. Caldwell — you'll get nowhere with that. That's my wife's attack. "I didn't take a lover. You took a mistress." Well, I don't consider that a virtue, see? But to hell with that now. Get this through your heads — all of you. It's not just because my wife's going to live in California that I'm fighting for Christopher — I wouldn't care if she was going to live on the next block. I want my son with me — all the time. I want him to live with me — to be part of my life. I want him. (*Christopher Blake, Moss Hart.*)

B. I know! I know! Why bother to step outside and look at life, when it's so cozy indoors and there's always a shelfful of books handy? For God's sake, hasn't anything ever happened to you? Have you never been drunk? Or socked a guy for making a pass at you? Or lost your panties on Fifth Avenue? (*Dream Girl, Elmer Rice.*)

C. I once set up a travel booklet about them. I was a linotyper after I had to quit

college. You learn a lot of crap setting up type. I learned about the balmy blue Pacific. Come to the Heavenly Isles! An orchid on every bazoom — and two bazooms on every babe. I'd like to find the gent who wrote that booklet. I'd like to find him now and make him come to his goddam Heavenly Isles! (*Home Of The Brave*, Arthur Laurents.)

The apology that such language is perfectly in key with the characters who merchant it does not entirely hold water. It may approximate the characters' speech to a degree, but only to a degree. It amounts merely to a fabricated approach to the exact speech. Among other things, it misses a fully accurate ear and is simply a paraphrase, and a poor one, of factual speech in terms of stage speech. It is, in short, no truer and infinitely less effective than so-called literary speech.

Compare in this connection, whether for verisimilitude or dramatic effect — it need not, obviously, be added for beauty — such otomyces with dialogue like Carroll's for his Canon Skerritt:

And since when has the Sacred Heart of our Redeemer, that kings and emperors and queens like Violante and Don John of Austria and the great Charles V and the soldier Ignatius walked barefooted for the love of — since when has it become a sort of snap door chamber where dolts and boobs come to — to kick ball and find themselves tripped up on an altar step instead of a goal post?

Or like Shaw's for his Candida:

Ask James' mother and his three sisters what it cost to save James the trouble of doing anything but be strong and clever

and happy. Ask me what it costs to be James' mother and three sisters and wife and mother to his children all in one. Ask Prossy and Maria how troublesome the house is even when we have no visitors to help us slice the onions. Ask the tradesmen who want to worry James and spoil his beautiful sermons who it is that puts them off. When there is money to give, he gives it; when there is money to refuse, I refuse it. I build a castle of comfort and indulgence and love for him, and stand sentinel always to keep little vulgar cares out. I make him master here, though he does not know it, and could not tell you a moment ago how it came to be so. . . .

Or like Synge's for his Conchubor:

There's one sorrow has no end surely — that's being old and lonesome. But you and I will have a little peace in Emain, with harps playing, and old men telling stories at the fall of night. I've let build rooms for our two selves, Deirdre, with red gold upon the walls and ceilings that are set with bronze. There was never a queen in the east had a house the like of your house, that's waiting for yourself in Emain.

III

Dramatic art in America for the greater part has become simply a playwriting business, and its practitioners are largely racketeers with a dramatic sales talk, devoid of anything remotely resembling literary taste, literary ability, and literary education. Most of them read and act like pulp writers crossed with telegraph key-men. Their style, so to speak, follows set tracks and is readily recognizable. It consists in the wholesale use of dashes, as in such dialogue as "Oh, God — if they don't come

back — if they don't — come — back —." It hopes to conceal the obviousness of its content in such apologies as "What I've said — I know it's old hat and that you've heard it many times before —," etc. It relies upon crew-cut dialogue with its monosyllabic replies as a substitute for both suspense and humor, as, for example:

Answer yes or no. You live downstairs,
I take it?

No.

Oh, you don't live downstairs?

Yes.

Say, what the hell? Do you or don't you?

Yes.

Yes, what?

Yes, no.

Wait, Sergeant. I think I understand her.

You mean, yes, you do not live downstairs?

Yes.

It further cuckoos its own style endlessly: "Everyone's a murderer at heart. The person who has never felt a passionate hankering to kill someone is without emotion, and do you think it's law or religion that stays the average person from homicide? No — it's lack of courage — the fear of being caught, or cursed with remorse. Our murderer is merely a rational animal with the courage of his convictions." Profanity and obscenity are regularly resorted to for a strength of expression that otherwise seems to be beyond the playwrights' competences, and "Jesus!," "Christ!," "God damned," "bastard," and "son-of-a-bitch" are scattered through dialogue like toadstools.

"Yeah?" is the mark of vulgar character; "Indeed?" of polite. "Wonderful" is the adjective common to most emotions, whether love or a relish of kidney stew. And the habitual "I mean —" is the refuge less of character than of playwright inarticulateness.

Passion is writ by rote: "But I need you. You know that! And you need me. It's too late. We are helpless now — in the clutch of forces more potent than our little selves — forces that brought us into the world — forces that have made the world! Whether you will it or not, this binding power is sweeping you and me together. And you must yield!" The Pulitzer prize is given for authentic Yankee speech to playwrights who confect such lines as "Let a man get miserable and he is miserable; a woman ain't really happy no other way," and as "It 'us then that the scales dropped from my eyes! An' I seen the truth! An' when I did, everything in the whole world 'us changed fer me! I loved everybody an' everything! An' I 'us so happy I felt jist like I 'us afloatin' away on a ocean o' joy!"

The "punch" style, miscellaneously indulged in, also has its pattern: "The whole damn government's a gang of liver flukes sucking the blood out of the body politic — and there you sit, an honest liver fluke, arranging the graft for everybody else and refusing to do any blood sucking on your own account! God, it makes me sick!" Cousin to the punch style is the

heroic-romantic style: "The important man, George, is the man who knows how to live! I love Hocky, I think an awful lot of him. But, he's like my father. They have no outside interests at all. They're flat — they're colorless. They're not men — they're caricatures! Oh, don't become like them, George! Don't be an important man and crack up at forty-five. I want our lives together to be full and rich and beautiful! I want it so much!" And cousin to the heroic-romantic is also the heroic-scientific: "There is not a man in medicine who has not said what you have said and meant it for a minute — all of us, Dr. Nussbaum. And you are right, my friend. We are groping. We are guessing. But, at least our guesses today are closer to the truth than they were twenty years ago. And twenty years from now they will be still closer. That is what we are here for. Ah, there is so much to be done and so little time in which to do it that one life is never long enough. . . . It's not easy for any of us. But in the end our reward is something richer than simply living. . . . (*Sighs*) Come, Dr. Nussbaum, a little game of chess, maybe, or (*winks*) a glass of schnaps?"

The melodramatic style generally fits into a mold something like "For the love of God, listen to me! While you sit here quietly eating and drinking, tonight, enemy planes dropped seventy thousand kilos of bombs on Paris. God knows how many they killed! God knows how much of life and beauty is forever destroyed! And you sit here drinking and laughing! Are you worms? Are you lice? Get out of your soft chairs and off your soft tails and do something, do something! If you don't, you bastards, as God is my judge I'll bust the jaw of every God damned one of you!" And the "cultured" style, usually in self-protecting caution crossed with a touch of banter, one something like this: "There is in your psychological composition, my dear, a touch of the chiaroscuro of Rembrandt, of the livid gauntness of El Greco, of the stark realism of Goya, of the spring-time freshness of Botticelli. You are, my dear, in other words, an orchestration of that occasional color monotone in Brahms and that flowery ornamentation in Rossini."

The style is not only the man; the style is the play.



THE COLLAPSE OF CZECH DEMOCRACY

BY DANIEL SELIGMAN

CZECHOSLOVAKIA's foreign policy, since her liberation, has been based on a military alliance with the Soviet Union. Her domestic life has been regulated by a National Front of the Communist and democratic parties. The basic premise of fellow-traveling politics — that cooperation with Russia and the Communists need not destroy freedom — has thus been thoroughly tested in Czechoslovakia.

It is now clear that the attempt at cooperation was a failure.

The Czech experiment in fellow-traveling did not fail because of any opposition to it; it failed simply because Communism and democracy do not mix. All the democratic parties — the leftish Social Democrats, the moderate National Socialists and Slovak Democrats, even the relatively conservative People's party — were unified in their support of the experiment. All of them acquiesced, not only in the alliance with Russia and the admission of Communists into the government, but in the whole postwar economic program, which called for widespread nationalization of industry.

But the democrats found, as had all fellow-travelers before them, that in order to work harmoniously with the Communists they had to make a virtually endless series of concessions. They agreed not to join in the Marshall Plan. They allowed the Communists to push the nationalization of industry far beyond what had originally been intended.¹ They submitted meekly to Soviet demands for annexation of the Carpatho-Ukraine; and they submitted again when the Russians asked for the forced return of some 40,000 refugees who had fled the region. They joined in the passage of a totalitarian law to mobilize Czech labor. They allowed the Communists, even before the elections, to gain control of the strategic ministries. They legalized retroactively the Russian seizure of "war booty" during the occupation. They twice capitulated to Communist demands for extending the life of the so-called "people's courts," which dealt out summary justice to alleged collabora-

¹ The Czechs nationalized two thirds of their industry within five months of the liberation, and by January 1948 the figure had been raised to about three fourths. Compare this with the program of the British Labour Party, which is planning to nationalize only 20 per cent of Britain's industries over a period of five years.

DANIEL SELIGMAN is assistant editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. He studied at Rutgers and New York Universities, and for a time was on the staff of the New Leader.

tionists for a full two years after the liberation. They acquiesced when the Red Army asked permission to conduct large-scale troop movements through Czechoslovakia while the national elections were in progress.² They opened their reputedly rich uranium mines to Soviet scientists and engineers. They tried not to notice the existence of a Russian concentration camp in Prague. They made criticism of the Soviet Union taboo in their party newspapers.

This list of concessions does not, of course, tell the whole story. The democratic parties have occasionally rallied together, to fight the Communists on one issue or another, and not infrequently they have won. Democratic newspapers and individual spokesmen have often made — and are still making — bitter public attacks on Communist methods. But opposition to Communism is held carefully within definite bounds. The Czechs, unlike the French and Italians, have never fought an all-out showdown battle against the Communists. The democrats have wedded themselves firmly to a policy of “getting along” with Stalin.

To appreciate fully what has happened to Czech democracy, it is necessary to go back some years.

II

Prewar Czechoslovakia was the most successful, perhaps the only successful, democracy in Central Europe.

Although it was a Slav country with large German and Magyar minorities, its orientation was toward the liberal west. The nation's founder and first president, Thomas G. Masaryk, was a Wilsonian liberal who modeled Czechoslovakia's constitution on that of the United States. At Masaryk's funeral in 1937, his successor, Eduard Beneš, vowed: “President-Liberator, we will remain faithful to the heritage which you have laid in our hands!”

Beneš was undeniably sincere when he made the pledge, but he has manifestly not lived up to it. Masaryk liberalism is dead, and Beneš was one of its chief executioners. Long before the war ended, he had decided that liberalism would not do for the new Czechoslovakia.

His motives in reaching this decision are not entirely clear, but he appears to have been influenced by a conviction that the Soviet Union would dominate postwar Europe. He learned in 1944 that Roosevelt and Churchill had agreed, at the Teheran Conference, to place Czechoslovakia in the Soviet war zone; his own country, at least, was to be liberated by the Red Army.

(Incidentally, Beneš was never formally notified of this Big Three decision; he only learned of it indirectly when he had difficulty getting Anglo-American assistance at the time of the Slovak uprising in 1944.)

Since Russian troops would definitely be on Czech soil, an understanding with the Soviets became imperative. The Czechs rationalized

² The troop movements were eventually postponed, but not because there had been any Czech protests.

their position as best they could. With the Red Army in occupation, they knew that a return to their prewar, western-oriented, liberal democracy would be out of the question. They also knew enough about Stalin's "eastern democracy" to want to avoid it. Hence, caught between two worlds, they developed the "bridge" theory. Czechoslovakia was to be, as Beneš now explained in dozens of interviews and written statements, "a bridge between East and West." Communism and western democracy were somehow to be combined in a "third society," which would serve as a "transitional bloc between Russia and America."

Like the fox in the fable who sneered at "sour grapes," Beneš now denounced the prewar liberal society, with its "numerous anarchistic political parties." He said:

The Soviet Union and the Russian Communists themselves acknowledge that the transformation of a liberal democracy to higher forms — a socializing democracy — should and can come about gradually, step by step, by reasonable evolution. . . . I am of the opinion that gradual co-operation of the Soviet Union with the rest of the world will lead to a general acceptance of this view. It will be a basis for the co-existence of the Soviet régime with the other régimes, for the Soviets will continue to develop toward greater and greater individual freedom within the framework of their socialist state.³

Fellow-traveling intellectuals all over the world, especially in the

United States, were delighted with the new Czechoslovakia. Their dream world — the merger of Communism and liberal democracy — was apparently coming into being.

III

In attempting to cooperate with the totalitarians, the Czech democrats quickly developed an embarrassing resemblance to them. The process began shortly after V-E Day. In June 1945 President Beneš and all members of the government signed a decree confiscating the property of the Germans and Hungarians in Czechoslovakia. In August Beneš signed another decree depriving these minorities of Czech citizenship. For a short time some Germans were forced (much like the Jews under Hitler) to wear identifying armbands, to live on subsistence rations, to keep off the streets at certain hours and to stay out of restaurants and theatres. When Truman and Stalin agreed at Potsdam to accept these Germans into their respective zones in the Reich, mass deportations got under way.

In 1945 there were roughly 3.5 million Germans in Czechoslovakia, comprising 25 per cent of the country's population. Today, with the deportations about finished, there are fewer than 100,000. Although a majority of these Germans were apparently pro-Nazi, no provisions were made for separating the sheep from the goats: the Germans were punished *as a race*. The spirit in which the expulsions were carried out is revealed

³Quoted by Maurice Hindus in his book on Czechoslovakia, *The Bright Passage*, page 171.

in a statement made by Vaclav Kopecky, Communist Minister of Information, in the Sudeten town of Liberec in 1945:

We will clear Liberec of the German enemies and we will do it so thoroughly that no place will remain for the German seed ever to grow again. We shall expel all the Germans, we shall confiscate their property, we shall denationalize not only the town but the whole area, so that the victorious spirit of Slavdom shall permeate the country from the frontier range to the interior. . . . We want Czechoslovakia to form one integral Slav territory with Poland and the Soviet Union.

The Czech democrats raised no protest against this totalitarian frenzy. They abandoned Masaryk's liberal policy toward minorities, and adopted in its place the pan-Slav racism of Stalin.

Thus from the beginning the democratic parties committed themselves to the use of totalitarian methods. And they discovered that one totalitarian method leads rapidly to another. The deportation of 3 million Germans, who had included some of the nation's best skilled workers and technicians, brought on a serious labor shortage. This situation offered a powerful argument for the enactment of compulsory labor laws — always an important instrument of a totalitarian state.

A Presidential decree, on October 1, 1945, provided for the conscription of men and women for essential work. This meant that the government now had the power to send Czech citizens to work in any region of the country,

at whatever occupation was deemed necessary.

Since then the mobilization of labor has proceeded at a truly alarming pace. The following excerpts from Section VI, Paragraph 9, of the Two Year Plan Act, which went into effect in October 1946, illustrate to what extent Czech democracy has compromised its principles:

(1) In order to accomplish the tasks laid down in Sections I-V, the process of directing and distributing labor must continue. . . . At the same time, the conditions will be regulated for increasing the average output per man hour by 10 per cent as compared with the year 1937.

(2) To this end, the following measures will be adopted: (a) persons who can be dispensed with in their present place of employment will be transferred to branches of employment where they are urgently required; . . . (h) work competitions will be organized.

(3) The mobilization of workers will be, as far as possible, on a voluntary basis. If, however, this method should not produce the requisite labor, the deficiency will be made good by putting into force the legal provisions relating to obligatory employment.

The Communists were well aware that the Plan was a long stride in the direction of totalitarianism. The democratic parties, however, convinced themselves that the state could be entrusted with these wide powers without endangering civil liberties.

But civil liberties *were* endangered by the Two-Year Plan. There have been a number of disturbing incidents since its passage which indicate that the Communists understood its significance far better than their fellow-

travelers. Albion Ross, New York *Times* correspondent in Czechoslovakia, was personally involved in two of these incidents. On February 2, 1947, he wrote:

Annoying to a foreigner but apparently taken calmly by the population are police raids resulting from the manpower shortage. In the last eight days in Bratislava [the capital of Slovakia] this correspondent went through two of these visits. . . . The police demanded a "legitimation" or identity card, which a citizen must carry at all times. In such raids the citizen is questioned on place of employment and why he is not there. In one case, apparently typical, a housewife was asked why she was not home and to prove that she had a child to care for.

Such incidents are not yet everyday occurrences, but they are symptomatic of the direction affairs are taking in Czechoslovakia. There is still, to be sure, no suppression of free opinion. The Czech press has been, except for the self-imposed ban on criticism of the USSR, virile and outspoken on most issues. But even here there are serious potential dangers.

In their frantic attempt to cooperate with the Communists the democratic parties joined in the passage of a law restricting the right to publish newspapers. Only political parties, trade unions, veterans organizations and other "public corporations" now possess this right. No individual may publish a paper or magazine, either for his own profit or for the expression of a personal opinion. Dissident minority groups — the anarchists, for example — can-

not have a press of their own, since they are not organized in political parties. Another danger derives from the fact that the Ministry of Information has been entrusted with the allocation of the newsprint supply. Since the Ministry is Communist, it is hardly surprising that *Rude Pravo*, the Czech Communist organ, is the only party paper not restricted to tabloid size.

Nor are these the only threats to freedom of the press. The Communists were able to push through a law requiring all journalists to join the Union of Czechoslovak Journalists. This organization, which is dominated by Communists, has wide disciplinary powers over its members.

President Beneš summarized the official Czech policy toward the press in a speech delivered in July 1945:

In my opinion, journalism is a public service. Unbridled freedom to publish newspapers must not be re-established. . . . This, to be sure, is a restriction of personal liberty, but we have to ask ourselves to what extent it is necessary, and in whose interest. Unrestricted freedom has to yield to the public interest. . . . We have to accept this principle. We all say that liberalism had been discarded. This is a fact, and we must realize that one of the factors in public life that is above all subject to today's socializing trends, is journalism. How to harmonize this fact with freedom of speech is another matter. But here, too, the principle that the freedom of the individual has to be subordinated to the freedom of the whole, holds good.

Strange words to come from the chief disciple of Masaryk.

IV

Czechoslovakia is the only country in the postwar world in which all the democratic parties voluntarily attempted to govern in cooperation with the Communists. The effects of this experiment on the democratic parties are already apparent. How has it affected the Communists?

The latest available figures indicate that the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia has the largest per capita membership of any CP in the world. It has 1,250,000 members, or more than 10 per cent of Czechoslovakia's present population. It is easily the largest party in the country. In the general elections of May 1946 the Communists received 38 per cent of the vote, the best result ever obtained by any Communist Party in a free nationwide election.

As a result of the "cooperation" of the democratic parties, the Czech Communists have been able to gain control of most of the vital departments of government. The Prime Minister is Klement Gottwald, an old Comintern hack who has risen through the ranks in a life of unquestioning loyalty to Stalin. The powerful Minister of Information is Vaclav Kopecky, a former editor of the Party's central organ, *Rude Pravo*. In addition to his control of the newsprint supply, Kopecky is entrusted with the management of the Czech radio and motion picture industry, both of which have been converted into transmission belts for Stalinist

propaganda. The Ministers of the Interior (who controls the police power), of Finance, of Agriculture, of Internal Trade and of Social Welfare are all Communists. The Minister of Defense and head of the Czech Army, General Ludvik Svoboda, is a confirmed Stalinist (though probably not a Party member) who has seen to it that the officers corps and army intelligence have been Communized.

Czechoslovakia's labor movement, from the Works Councils on the lowest level to the Central Trades Union Council on the highest, is under firm Communist control. The Works Councils, which were created by a Presidential decree on October 24, 1945, are autonomous bodies supposed to represent the workers of a plant, firm or department. They are legally empowered to participate in the employment and discharge of all workers, to take part in planning and controlling production, and to ensure that "the management complies with the common economic interest." In other words, any factory manager suspected of being anti-Communist is apt to get into grave difficulties. The Communists have used their control of the Works Councils to force the appointment of Party members as administrators in the nationalized industries.

On the national level, Czech labor is represented through the United Revolutionary Trade Union Organization (ROH). Virtually all Czechoslovak workers belong to the ROH, and it has become so powerful that

its Stalinist leaders have been able to use it as a sort of "shadow government." Whenever the Communists were balked in Parliament they could turn to the ROH for support. When, for example, the Party was pushing its program for increased nationalization, hundreds of workers' delegations were organized to demand that Parliament declare their industries or plants state property.

Superior to both the Works Councils and the ROH is the Central Trades Union Council, the supreme Czech labor authority. Its president is Antonin Zapotocky, one of the most important Communists in Czechoslovakia. He recommended last fall that anyone who rebelled against Communist control "be put on the labor restriction list and sent to the mines or construction industry."

Thus while the democratic parties were making one concession after another, the Communists were steadily increasing their strength. With the Prime Ministry, the police, the army and the trade unions in the grip of the Stalinists, Czech democracy will be in a difficult position when the day of reckoning comes

V

There are several signs that the day of reckoning is close at hand. The next elections will be held this May. The Communists have announced that they will aim to obtain a clear majority, at least 51 per cent. If they get it — and perhaps even if they don't — the National Front coalition

will be finished. From the Communist point of view, the democrats will have become superfluous.

Three events which have occurred in the past eight months have prepared the ground for the Communist accession to power. The first was the Czech rejection of the Marshall Plan; the second was the formation of the Cominform; and the third was the Communist assault on the Slovak Democratic party.

(1) On July 10, 1947 the Czechs awoke from the dream world in which they had been living, and discovered that they were, after all, behind the "iron curtain." On that date the Czech government unanimously decided not to participate in the Paris Conference on the Marshall Plan.

When the first invitations to the Conference had reached Prague, the government, including its Communist members, had voted unanimously to attend. Shortly thereafter, Prime Minister Gottwald was summoned to Moscow. He was given a terrific tongue-lashing by Stalin and instructed to fight the Marshall Plan. Gottwald immediately telephoned Prague, and an extraordinary session of the Cabinet was called. After a wrangle lasting some six hours, the decision to participate was reversed. "It might be construed as an action against the Soviet Union," the official announcement explained.

The reversal created consternation in Czechoslovakia; there were references to "the new Munich." Now, for the first time, the Communists were

set against the rest of the nation on a major issue.

(2) This crisis was intensified early in October when nine European Communist Parties—the Czech among them—announced the establishment of an “Information Bureau” to coordinate their activities, and published a Manifesto which was a virtual declaration of war against the West. Czechoslovakia’s rôle as the “bridge between East and West” was now clearly finished; there was to be no bridge. *Izvestia*, official organ of the Soviet government, denounced those who “are still . . . saying that Czechoslovakia is a bridge between East and West. They forget that in a vital struggle there can be no middle position.” Stalin, it was clear, understood what fellow-travelers did not.

(3) The first open assault on Czech democracy was begun in mid-October. The immediate object of the Communists’ attack was the Slovak Democratic party, a moderate group whose leadership had come largely from the anti-German underground. Semi-autonomous Slovakia was the only region of the nation where the Communists had been defeated in the general elections. The Slovak Democrats got 62 per cent of the vote.

The Communists used the same tactics that their Hungarian comrades had found effective in whittling away the majority of the Small Landholders party. They accused two general secretaries of the Slovak Democratic party of “conspiring against the state.” Vaclav Nosek, Communist

Minister of the Interior, bulldozed the two men into surrendering their parliamentary immunity, and they were arrested. Nosek then implicated a third Slovak Democratic leader, Fedor Hodza, the son of prewar Czechoslovakia’s great Agrarian premier. Hodza, who had been an outstanding resistance leader during the war, was accused of destroying evidence which would have proved his party’s treason. Next Prime Minister Gottwald forced the resignation from his government of Vice-Premier Jan Ursiny, another Democratic leader. Ursiny had also been active in the anti-fascist underground. The entire Slovak cabinet was then forced to resign. The “resignation” took place while several Democratic members were absent from the Cabinet meeting; these men protested that they had had no intention of resigning, that the affair had been engineered by the Communist chairman of the Cabinet. Nevertheless, Gottwald accepted their resignation. Shortly thereafter, a new Slovak Cabinet was named in which the Democrats, despite their 62 per cent majority, had only six seats out of fifteen.

The assault on the Slovak Democrats was the opening gun in a general Communist offensive designed to soften up the Czechs for the May election. What the Party has in store may be seen, perhaps, in the recent statement by Minister of Information Kopecky, that “from now on anti-Communism is actually high treason.”

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



That a cold, wet nose is a sign of health in a dog

With the gradual replacement of children by dogs in our culture and the increasing dependence of women's happiness upon the health of their hounds we can no longer rely upon our fathers' lore. James R. Kinney, V.M.D., Chief Veterinarian at the Ellin Prince, Speyer Hospital in New York, in his *How to Raise a Dog in the City and in the Suburbs*, says that the popular theory that a dog's nose is his thermometer is "nonsense." A dog's nose, he adds, "can be hot when he's normal and cold when he's running a high temperature." Dr. Kinney prefers a rectal thermometer to the old rule of thumb.

That firms must abide by the prices in their catalogues

There are many exciting stories of a misplaced decimal that drained some great mail-order house's resources, but they are largely fanciful. Few catalogues are now published that are not protected by some warning or reserva-

tion and even if they were not the firm that issued them could not be forced to make good on a typographical error because, legally, a catalogue is not an offer to sell; it is an invitation to consider merchandise that is for sale.

That there is a disease called insomnia

Many people with grave and quavering voices tell us that they are "suffering from insomnia" and upon the slightest encouragement, indeed in the face of anything but the most vigorous discouragement, will proceed to list their sleepless nights and describe their tortures with lugubrious zest. Dr. C. S. Bluemel in his book *The Troubled Mind* brings aid and comfort to the listeners to if not the narrators of these harrowing experiences by stating flatly that "the disease of insomnia does not exist." Sleeplessness is common, he grants, but it is a symptom; the neurotic patient stays awake worrying for fear he won't go to sleep. In his psychiatric

experience he has found that "few patients suffer from insomnia, though many suffer from insomniophobia." And the sedatives that "relieve" insomnia act by quieting the agitation of the insomniophobe.

*That those lost in the snow or
trackless wastes will wander in
a circle*

An established cliché of stories of the great out of doors is to have one wandering in the snow or over some wild heath find his own footprints and realize to his despair that he is now utterly and irretrievably lost because he has completed a circle. Fictional wanderers are as inextricably bound within that circle as ever were witches or demons within the circles drawn by their masters. Among many explanations of this grim phenomenon it has been suggested that the heart "inclines the non-oriented to the left by the jolts of its pumping," though this is based on the fallacious assumption that the heart is located on the left side of the chest. Others aver that right-handed wanderers by thrusting forward with more vigor on the right foot circle clockwise. Like many explanations of marvels, each cancels the other.

On subtle perceptions in dogs

When Lincoln's catafalque passed through New York a St. Bernard dog escaped from the crowd on Chambers Street, Lloyd Lewis tells us, and ran

for some distance beneath the hearse. Its owner, Mr. Ed Morton, said that the dog had accompanied him to Washington earlier and that during the visit Lincoln had patted the dog on the head. Much was made in the papers of the "peculiar instinct" which led the beast to recognize and thus pay tribute to the Great Emancipator.

The belief in these subtle perceptions marches on. A recent story, "Mr. Pillington's Dog Days," in the *Country Gentleman* suggests that mental telepathy between a man and his dog is possible — thus perhaps creating a whole new department for Duke University. When Chicago was shaken with the Heirens affair, Captain O'Connor of the police force was visited by a lady who told him that she was in the habit of reading the papers to her dog and asking his opinion on current problems. The dog had declared Heirens to be innocent, and his mistress felt called on to do what she could to avert a miscarriage of justice.

*That chiggers burrow into the
skin*

All farm boys believe that chiggers burrow into the skin. Many believe that the itch continues until the creatures die and to the agony of the itching add the pains of various heroic remedies — such as turpentine — intended to "soak in" and kill the chigger.

Dr. Charles D. Michener, Associate

Curator in the Department of Insects and Spiders in the American Museum of Natural History in New York, who has made a special study of chiggers for the Army, says that the belief is wrong. Writing in *Natural History* (May 1947) he says that the chigger has no means of burrowing, is too large to enter a pore and is invisible usually because we scratch before we look and scratch him off before we see him. He's not much to look at anyway.

That a confession is pretty certain evidence of guilt

Confessions are of dubious value. Under threats or torture most men seem willing to confess anything and it is astonishing how many purely voluntary confessions are completely false. Every notorious murder is sure to elicit several false confessions and every state is put to considerable expense to prevent some of its citizens from committing suicide in this devious manner.

The Boorn brothers confessed to killing their brother-in-law, Colvin, supplied full details, were sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Colvin eventually turned up hale and hearty. As also did Topsy, the niece of Louise Butler who had been sentenced to death after furnishing the most minute and gruesome account of killing her aunt. John Johnson confessed to the brutal murder of little Annie Lemberger, in Madison, Wisconsin,

in 1911, was barely saved from lynching and had served ten years of a life sentence before it was definitely established that he had had no part in the crime. For these and many other instances the curious are referred to Professor Edwin Borchard's *Convicting the Innocent*. The sensationalism surrounding the "black Dahlia" killings in Los Angeles last year has produced an exceptionally large crop of psychopaths who insist they are the murderer. One of them, resentful of being rejected by the police, wrote an indignant letter, declaring his guilt, to the letters columns of *Life*.

So common, in fact, are such "confessions" that those states that have laws indemnifying the wrongfully convicted usually make an exception of those who have contributed to their own conviction.

That grains of wheat removed from Egyptian tombs have germinated and produced crops

As a combination of "Ain't Nature wonderful" and "There are more things under heaven, Horatio" we hear repeatedly that wheat and other grains found in funerary vases in Egyptian tombs have been made to germinate and bear. It's one of those things that, egad, make you think, as the unthinking say.

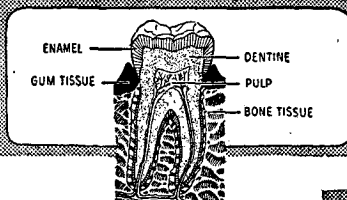
The United States Department of Agriculture says there isn't a grain of truth in it, that such grains are practically carbonized and no more capable of reproducing than Rameses himself.

Your teeth look

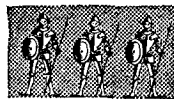
When decay starts,  it eats through the hard enamel and spreads into the softer dentine.  Unless checked, this infection reaches the pulp chamber  from which it may enter the blood stream and cause damage or disease in other parts of the body.

Periodic examination, cleaning, and treatment of teeth by your  dentist can usually check decay before serious damage occurs.

like this



Gums must also be guarded.



Bleeding gums, pyorrhea, and trench mouth can indicate infection. They may result in loss of teeth and affect general health. *See your dentist regularly to help safeguard your health!*

Good teeth deserve good care

Dental authorities urge that you clean your teeth and gums carefully after meals and before going to bed.

Don't wait for pain to drive you to the dentist. Visit him every six months, or at such intervals as he suggests.

His examination, aided when necessary by the X-ray, usually can detect hidden trouble such as abscesses at the roots of apparently healthy teeth. Prompt treatment can generally correct the condition before it may impair your health.

For further helpful information on

teeth and gums, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 383-L, "Good Teeth."

COPYRIGHT 1948—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet,
383-L, entitled "Good Teeth."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

SOME OFFICERS ENJOYED THE WAR

BY FRANK L. KLUCKHOHN

WHATEVER its eventual outcome, the case of Major General Bennett E. Meyers has shocked the public sufficiently so that the gentlemen of Congress, who know that a headline is a ticket to re-election, are set to prove that our war machine — which cracked the Germans on one side of the world and the Japanese on the other simultaneously — was corrupt.

This writer has reported intermittently for years from Washington. He remembers the time when five congressional hearings were scheduled and all five cancelled when bigger news forced off the front pages the first two to start. He is unimpressed.

Anyhow, I saw the generals and the admirals working for too long a time to fall into the trap — from the first landing in Africa to the last landing in Japan. I remember the day when I prayed solidly for two hours when Patton told me to follow and got so far ahead of the front lines into German shelling that return seemed highly uncertain. I know how Bob Eichelberger restored confidence at New Guinea's benighted Buna by himself leading squads, in the course

of which he had an aide shot. And there was Admiral Ted Chandler, burned to death in a Japanese Kamikaze attack who, expiring, sent for me to ask if I was all right.

There was General Eaker, dragged without justification into the Meyers hearing, whom I watched returning from the first flying fortress raid in 1942. He testified that his wife made \$50 on a \$1000 stock deal to which he had been opposed. I remember the night when — fairly and legitimately — Ira Eaker won more than \$400 from Ed Beatty of the American press at poker. He didn't need stock deals; and we all knew him as an able fighting general with nothing else on his mind.

But having said all this, let us admit that some generals and admirals (and privates too, for that matter) did have their day. Some of them took advantage of their positions. Some of them behaved badly. And since we apparently must have an investigation of our generals' records, I am willing to do my bit. What follows below is a report on the kind of thing Congress could dig up.

FRANK L. KLUCKHOHN has been a newspaper reporter and foreign correspondent for eighteen years. During World War II he was a roving correspondent, who visited and reported on virtually every front in both the European and Pacific theatres.

II

Four divisions abreast we went into a harbor in New Guinea. The harbor was intended for use as a base for the pending Philippines invasion.

The engineers built miles of paved roads; they built whole cities of barracks and houses. They also built one enormous mansion on a dominant hill. Into it, on orders from above, went magnificent rugs purchased at government expense in Australia. Into it went elaborate period furniture, flown by special plane. Into it went bathtubs of pink and lavender.

General MacArthur, who lives austerely during campaigns, arrived back at the base after a trip to Australia involving inter-governmental consultations. By accident, he saw and examined this house.

"What," asked MacArthur in ringing tones, "is this monstrosity for?"

One enlisted man had the courage to tell him. It was for a certain general's uniformed lady. MacArthur acted quickly. He called the offending general, and in a voice said to have been heard on ships at sea, told him the lady would be out of New Guinea in two hours or the general (who had a fine war record) would be on his way to the States and a quick court-martial. The lady left. She took with her 3000 pounds of baggage.

There is a postscript to the story. Some staff officers eventually moved into the house.

"How do you like it?" one of them was asked.

"When that damned orderly persists in dropping those damned bath salts into the water, I feel like Madame Pompadour," he answered.

There was a similar incident involving "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, who had a solemn horror of mixing war and dramatics. He was a principal on one occasion of the kind of scene that could be expected to occur in a Broadway comedy but not on a crowded airfield in a combat area.

A general was arriving to confer with Stilwell, then commanding in the Chinese theatre. Vinegar Joe, in his battered slouch hat, went with some of his staff to pay their respects to the officer on his arrival. A number of enlisted men stood around staring idly at the "brass" as the big silver transport plane swooped impressively in to a landing.

Out of the plane first, as bystanders caught their breaths, stepped a striking young lady in sergeant's uniform and, just behind, the expected general. He saluted Stilwell who returned the salute, shook hands and then snapped:

"Who is this young lady?"

"She is my secretary," was the officer's reply.

"You are very welcome here, General," said Stilwell, while the nearby GIs chortled. "The young lady will return at once by this plane!"

She did.

Another time during the war, I started by plane from Australia, then

MacArthur's headquarters, to talk over coverage in New York of a coming campaign. I was "bumped off" by a higher priority in the Fiji Islands. I learned later that a girl friend of a general with a Number 1 priority (mine was Number 3) had been responsible for my rapid descent into these remote islands.

Nobody knew where I was and no plane was due for a week. When it came, a kind officer informed me, probably everybody else would have higher priorities than me. Then a veritable miracle occurred. Out of the skies, announced only two hours in advance by radio, swooped a plane. It was assigned to an air force supply general. It was four-motored and, to my delight, was equipped with padded swivel chairs instead of the ordinary "bucket" seats. The cushioning on the chairs attracted my attention immediately. It was done in pale pink, which was also the motif of the plane's entire interior decoration.

Nothing could keep me out of that plane; after a series of nefarious deals I got a seat. The ride was magnificent. Each night we halted at an island where the commanding officer guided us to his idyllically located and splendidly equipped cottage — always overlooking the southern sea — put a Scotch and soda into our hands and told us how boring his post was. He would have liked, he said, to be up in the air slugging it out with the enemy. (I report this so that Congress will go easy with the general when they get around to him.)

In the air our trip was even better. We were served thick beefsteaks with delmonico potatoes, preceded by ripe olives and soup and followed by dessert and coffee. If we became exhausted from watching the limitless wastes of the Pacific, we could go forward to the "bunks." These were soft beds with feather pillows and thick mattresses. Frankly, I was torn between my chair and a bunk.

III

I remember vividly one occasion on which a famous fighting admiral was catching the headlines for his part in a big landing then in process. Actually, the admiral was not even at sea. He was living in a cozy little establishment by the shore that was done, if I recall correctly, in a sort of rustic Swiss style, with skins and heads on the wall. He also had a splendid mahogany bar, a bartender and plenty of mess attendants.

I arrived at this little nook in 1943, at a time when I had just made three landings in the first wave inside of two months, and when I had not seen a drop of liquor in longer than that. When I got to the place I joined a few other people, the admiral included, in some drinks. If I remember correctly, I had seven delicious, ice-cooled old fashioned.

I was only half conscious, although my mouth was doubtless wide open, when I heard a voice which I identified as the admiral's. The voice was saying:

"I could sail into Tokyo harbor

backwards tonight and sink the whole Jap fleet."

Apparently awaking from my stupor, I drew myself to my full height and said: "That's nuts Admiral!" Then I proudly strode out.

"You're leaving the island. Do you know what you did?" This was the word that woke me the next morning; it was delivered by several correspondents leering over my cot.

"Do you know what you said?" they asked. I didn't, but they told me, with all the lurid details.

Horrified, I arose and started for the office of the Admiral's Chief of Staff, whom I had known years before in Washington. It was a long shot, but I wanted to try to repair the damage. On the way (clad in shorts that had been ruled illegal) I met the gallant admiral.

"Good morning," said the Admiral.

"Good morning, *sir*," I replied.

By Heaven, he didn't remember either.

In Brisbane, Australia, there was an officer's club about 1500 miles from any fighting. It was said to have cost the Government \$250,000. That may be wrong, but it did have the finest silver service I've seen, even including St. James' in London. Its rooms were beautifully carpeted — the carpets had been requisitioned from the Australians. There were suites in blue and suites in red. There were private dining rooms and public dining rooms. Of an evening there were orchestras, usually several, and plenty of lovely

women. This club, of which, to my shame, I was a member, had only one stern rule — no one from a combat area could enter.

Eventually, this particular club burned down. But for our "brass" in Australia there was still Lennon's.

Officers above field rank stayed in Lennon's, a modern hotel built just before the war and possessed of everything from air-conditioning and parlored suites to a nightclub. It was barred to male civilians.

Lennon's is not yet as well known as Shephard's in Cairo. The wartime atmosphere, however, was much the same in both hotels. Winston Churchill personally went to Shephard's on one occasion and booted out some 2000 staff officers who should have been closer to the desert. "Gentlemen," the Prime Minister is said to have remarked to the assembled quaking officers, "Africa is supposed to be a springboard, not a sofa."

Lennon's was perilously close to being a sofa, and the hi-jinks in the hotel provided the basis for one of the best unpublished war songs. (All the good World War II songs are still unpublished.) I cannot remember much of it, but one line went, "We and our women in Lennon's hotel." It had a very catchy tune.

Eventually MacArthur got fed up; he routed the officers out of Lennon's and on to New Guinea. There were nervous breakdowns, sudden attacks of malaria and melancholia so dark blue it would have startled a psychiatrist, but Lennon's was evacuated.

IV

The marines usually lived in hard fashion, even when they were in rest areas behind the lines. I never quite discovered why, but their food was as terrible far behind the lines as it was at the front. The Army command's high living, perhaps for this reason, preyed on marine nerves, and one marine wrote a song which went:

They wanted the Army to come to Tulagi,
But General MacArthur said "No,"
He gave as his reason,
It isn't the season,
Besides you have no USO.

The marines were not averse to living high when they got the chance, and I remember one occasion when they did get it. They were stationed for a few months in Melbourne. They took over the city, and practically tore it apart. The officers took to the country clubs and swank homes as easily as their counterparts in other services. In fact, they possibly outdid the others on their one chance.

The men at the forward fields, of course, used to bemoan the elegant mansions of the rear-echelon generals and admirals and their gold-braided aides. This attitude on the part of the enlisted men resulted in a Navy air arm epic, a very mild version of which goes as follows:

I don't want to die,
In a lousy PBY,
I'd rather meet the dames,
Than go diving down in flames,
I'd rather dine a woman,
Than go flying
In a Grumman.

Just as a relative handful of ranking officers liked their comfort and occasional fun when they could get it, others revelled in "taking it" with the men.

There was, I recall, the camp of "Bob" Eichelberger, commanding the Eighth Army, at Hollandia, New Guinea. The general had picked a site at the foot of Lake Sentani because of its proximity to Hollandia and other centers of activity. The staff slept in tents without floors, and the food was rough, though generally adequate.

There was, however, something uniquely rough about Eichelberger's headquarters. It was the presence of snakes. Half the crawling vipers of rough New Guinea, it seemed, had also decided to make their camp here. The general, however, stubbornly refused to move. His war-hardened staff grimly fought its own battle.

One day I was chatting with the chief intelligence officer, a colonel. I glanced under the table, quite by accident. There, coiled and about to strike him, was a tiny death adder, whose bite usually is fatal.

I pushed the amazed Colonel backwards out of his chair. He came up cursing — until he saw the adder.

At Eichelberger's camp, we became moderately accustomed to killing snakes five and six feet long just outside the mess-hall or behind a tree. At night, we wrapped our mosquito nets carefully under our blankets, so the crawlers would not get in bed with us to keep warm. In the mornings, we

had, to dump our shoes and shake our clothes carefully before putting them on, to make sure no snakes had crept into them.

"Well," remarked Eichelberger to one staff assistant mumbling a complaint, "at any rate the snakes you see in this camp are real snakes."

ANY AFTERNOON

BY DAVID MORTON

And I will read you beautiful poems, letting
The voice carry the words, letting the voice
Move on and past you, after the words have fallen
In patterns of remembering and forgetting,
In shapes that sorrow, gravely, or rejoice
Brightly — the words a fertilizing pollen
For half-thoughts of your own, the coming and going
Of lives that live within you, deeper than knowing.

And afterward . . . long after . . . many years,
At dinner, somewhere . . . in a drawing room . . .
A friend's voice, or a stranger's, says a name:
The room gives way, and you are one who hears,
In the long light of an old summer, in the half gloom
Of foliate trees, how beautiful poems came
Moving about her, how a voice let fall
The beautiful words, — but thinking not at all

Of him who may remember the bent head,
Like a poem listening to the poems read,
And beautiful like thee, he may have said.

THE LIFE OF A SOVIET PROFESSOR

BY DMITRI BULIGIN

I TAUGHT for twenty years in Soviet institutions of higher learning. How many of my thousands of students wrote secret reports on me for the Communist Party and the MVD (secret police) I shall never know. But the figure must have been high indeed, judging from the number of times I was called for questioning on something I had said in a lecture. For each such instance there undoubtedly were innumerable reports about which I never learned.

No incident seemed too trivial to be taken seriously. One morning I explained an engineering problem to my class, and I mentioned a factory where this problem was being worked out. I happened to refer, in passing, to a memorial to Lenin and Stalin which I had seen on its grounds. (There are hundreds of these statues throughout the Soviet Union.) No student indicated by facial expression or comment that anything was amiss. But that evening I was "invited" to the office of the Communist Committee Secretary of my Institute.

He began by discussing academic matters generally. Then he referred to

my lecture of that same day. He said gravely that I had used the word "memorial" in reference to a statue that included a figure of Stalin as well as Lenin. "A living person may have a monument built to him, but never a memorial, which is only for the dead," he sternly told me. These two words are almost identical in Russian, as they are in English. But as soon as I realized what the interview was about, I knew how serious it could be for me. Some student had apparently reported that I had intimated Stalin would be better dead. I knew that this would not have been an unusually far-fetched interpretation, at least not by the standards of Communist Party and MVD informers. I had seen a number of such reports about others when investigators had called me in to ask me about them, and I knew how wildly inaccurate they could be.

I was let off with only a stiff warning. After all, I had the advantage of teaching a specialty for which professors could not easily be found. On other occasions, the Party Secretary complained to me that I had "for-

DMITRI BULIGIN is the pseudonym of a Russian professor who was captured by the Germans during the war, and was later liberated by American troops. He is now working in this country. He contributed "I Was A 'Free' Russian" to the August 1947 AMERICAN MERCURY.

gotten" to include the Communist line or mention of Stalin in my lectures. When I explained that my subject was so technical that there often seemed no way of bringing them in, the Secretary would be unsatisfied. "One can always find a way to tell students about the contributions which the Party is making in your particular field, and about the far-sighted encouragement given by our great leader," I would be told.

Soon after I started a series of lectures on technical advances abroad I received a prompt call from the Communist Secretary. He pointed out that I had talked about American progress, but had not mentioned Soviet Russia's contributions. "But the purpose of this series is only to tell what other countries are doing in my field," I protested. The Party official was adamant. "That makes no difference," he said. "You can't go on like this. Either you drop the series, or you must say that at least equal advances are being made in the Soviet Union, thanks to the impetus provided by the Communist Party's planning programs."

Sometimes, an open check would be kept on me. One day I noticed a strange girl in the back of my lecture room, taking down every word I said. A few days later a student asked me in the lobby, "Did you notice the girl taking down your entire lecture in shorthand?" I nodded, and he explained, "She is the stenographer in the Secret Bureau at the Textile Institute." I saw her there later.

II

Openly, this Secret Bureau is in charge of "classified material" — as secret papers are referred to in military and other government offices. These included reports, maps, charts and other papers marked "restricted" or "secret."

Often they were the actual blueprints and plans used by factories in industrial projects. They were sent to the schools through government Ministries for use by the students. These documents could not be removed from the Secret Bureau, and notes and tracings made by the students had to be initialed, stamped — and then returned. There usually was nothing in all of this material that is not common knowledge abroad, but such precautions are encouraged because they get the young into the habit of maintaining an attitude of military secrecy at all times, in peacetime as well as war.

The Secret Bureaus help to keep the Universities and Institutes on a war footing at all times. When Germany struck, it was from the Secret Bureau that our faculty and student body obtained evacuation and relocation details, which obviously had been long prepared. I had to refer to files in the Secret Bureau at this time, and saw the thorough manner in which they classified the faculty members and students as to their qualifications for war work and military service, so they could be used promptly where most effective. These bureaus

also supervise the peacetime military programs in Soviet schools, and arrange special military lectures.

We rarely referred to them as Secret Bureaus; indeed, we rarely talked about them at all. In general, when you did refer to the Bureau in your own University or Institute, you called it by the number of the room it occupied — in our case “Room 203.” The Secret Bureau differs from one institution to the other only in its room number. It is a detective bureau right on the premises, an obvious part of the secret police network. When, for instance, the Secretary of the Communist Party Committee in our Institute would be changed in mid-term, I might hear, “Room 203 made an unfavorable report.”

Its minimum occupants are an office manager, assistant and typist. They have extensive files, kept up to date by frequent questionnaires for everybody on the faculty or in the student body. They compare the old answers to new ones. Like the secret police generally in the Soviet Union, they go on the assumption that embarrassing questions are likely to be answered in different ways at different times. When they find such discrepancies, the suspect is given an intense grilling. I have been put under such questioning in “Room 203.” The cross-examination never stops at the discrepancy itself, but probes about in all allied fields. If your mind was hazy about the detail originally, by the time you are through being quizzed you are apt to be in a state

of total confusion, and if there was any family detail you had wished to gloss over, you will probably have revealed it. I have known such examinations to be followed by the disappearance of academicians or students. “The MVD is continuing the interrogation,” I might hear. Then we just dropped their names from the register, and talked no more about them.

The secret police network was unobtrusive, but it extended into every classroom and office. “Room 203” worked closely with the Secretaries of the Communist and Comsomol Committees in our Institute who in turn kept in close contact with the Secretary of the District Communist Committee in the Leningrad area. Our Institute also had a committee called *Mestkom* for the faculty, and another *Mestkom* for students, and the chairman of each was always in close contact with the Party and Comsomol Secretaries. Similar systems exist in every University and Institute in the Soviet Union, and together they are integrated into the national network of secret police maintained by the MVD. Thus, outwardly any sort of democratic procedure, as practiced in the United States or England, can be permitted, but with complete confidence that it will never get out of hand, or escape Communist Party and MVD control.

The *Mestkom* is supposed to represent non-Party as well as Party members; actually it extends Party activities into non-Party ranks. It takes up

a great deal of everyone's time with "social affairs," which are usually thinly-disguised political gatherings, and at least one of which I had to attend each week — after working hours. A percentage of my pay was deducted for what the *Mestkom* called its "cultural outlays." I had nothing to say about how this money would be spent.

For instance, in order to keep propaganda plays well attended — a serious difficulty for the Party — the *Mestkom* would often tell us that we had bought out the whole house for some evening, and that special seats had been reserved for everyone. Reserved seats sounded attractive until we realized that if we failed to appear our empty places would stand out like so many sore thumbs. When you dared to miss such a performance, a "social worker" — that was how the *Mestkom* people liked to refer to themselves — would be sure to sidle up to you the next day and remark significantly, "How could you miss such a wonderful performance? We all noticed your absence." You knew, by this, that another little entry had been included in the files of "Room 203" under your name.

The *Mestkom* also edited two wall newspapers, called *sten-gazeta*, one for the faculty and another for the students. Every institution of higher learning has them. The Communist Committee Secretary never hesitated about asking any professor to "contribute" a signed article about "the unsocial behavior" of some other pro-

fessor. I was often asked to do such pieces. Once, when such a piece referred to one of my closest colleagues on the faculty, I exclaimed, "But he's my friend!"

"You know the Party attitude on criticism," I was told. "You know that we ourselves do as the Party feels advisable, irrespective of friendship or relationship."

Refusal would have been tantamount to challenging the Party itself. I went to see the professor whom I had to attack in print, and asked him to help me write the criticism in a good-natured manner, so as to do as little harm to him as possible. Together we wrote something that was adverse, but with the sting mostly removed. I brought it to the Secretary, who glanced over it, thanked me, and remarked: "You won't mind, will you, if I make some slight corrections?" When the article appeared, it had been drastically changed, with paragraphs added, making it a vicious attack by me upon my friend. Fortunately, he realized that this was just "one of those things" that come up normally in Soviet Russia.

III

Another of the faculty organizations was our trade union. Any grievance we had on wages and hours was of no interest to it; this was not the business of the union. Its job, as everywhere in Russia, was to see to it that we got no less pay — or more — than the scale set by the government. The union also arranged lectures for me,

sometimes for a nominal stipend, more often for nothing. This was part of the "social work" expected of us. Also, when there was some confusion about which category a man's job fell into, the union would take up the case for us. In addition, it collaborated with the *Mestkom* in giving special courses on Party-line subjects. We had to attend these on our own time.

When the *History of the Communist Party* was published, it was our union which tested us on our knowledge of it, to make sure that we had read and studied it. There was no question but that we had to give satisfactory answers, if we were to keep our jobs. Social science instructors did the testing. I never knew one who was not a Communist Party member; it is an unwritten law that only a Party man can be entrusted with social studies.

Although my subjects were technical, I had to receive this political training. In such matters, emphasis was always placed on the Party (the government was given only minor attention). Before I could be trusted to instruct my students about the capacity of a bridge, I had to be able to explain to them "why Lenin selected Stalin as his successor." A professor may teach Russian literature, but as part of his qualifications he must be able to tell his students the exact degree of political favor in which Tolstoy is held at any particular moment; he must know whether Eсенин's poetry on peasant life is suitable for the classroom, in view of Lenin's theory on collectivization of farms.

Students, who also have to pass political tests, never know what fine point of Communist Party dogma they will be called on to explain, yet they realize that if they do not answer as required they will not be enrolled. The main points in these tests are, first, the general line of the Communist Party, then Communist Party history, the Soviet Constitution, comparisons of the Communist and capitalist systems, and, at the very end, Soviet Russia's foreign policy. Thus it was necessary to explain in 1938 that Hitler was plotting to undermine the peaceful Soviet industrialization; in 1940 we had to declare that he was one of the most far-sighted statesmen in the world; and only in mid-1941, after he had invaded our own soil, could we condemn him as an aggressor. From such Soviet newspapers and publications as I see nowadays, it is evident that if I were still with my students in Leningrad, I would now have to teach that it is the United States which is plotting to undermine Soviet Russia's peaceful reconstruction.

The students also have their unions. They join unions in the industries for which they are being trained. The Railway Union has a unit right inside the Railway Institute, for instance. It is the union which picks the officers of the students' *Mestkom*, which in turn supervises student activities. I attended a number of student union meetings, at which *Mestkom* officers were selected. A representative from union headquarters was always on

hand, sitting on the platform to "guide" proceedings. Slates of candidates for the various offices were always ready beforehand, but it was required that the candidates be at least briefly discussed, in accordance with "democratic procedure." I never heard anyone attack a Communist Party member who was running for office. When a candidate somehow slipped in that the Party did not wish to run, a Party man would take the floor. "This student is not sufficiently prepared for the very important work which will fall upon him," he would explain. "Maybe in a year or two he will have more experience, and then he can be selected. For the time being, the candidate may wish to withdraw." I never heard of a case in which the candidate did not promptly withdraw.

Such formal activities monopolized student time. There was no campus life, for there was no campus. My wife was the childhood acquaintance of another professor's wife, and so our families met socially, but we limited these meetings to three or four a year.

I was once summoned to MVD headquarters in the center of Leningrad after such a party, and bluntly accused in this manner: "You conducted a counter-revolutionary meeting; you belong to a counter-revolutionary organization." I protested that it was just an innocent social affair. "You spoke against Party leaders," the MVD investigator would insist. "You joined in singing *God*

Save the Tsar." Notwithstanding the seriousness of the situation, I could not help smiling; it was preposterous for the MVD to intimate, more than a quarter-century after the revolution, that the Tsarist hymn was still sung in Soviet Russia. The public is sincerely anti-monarchist. Too many remember the Tsarist régime too well to wish its return.

Also, it would have been unthinkable to sing a subversive song in an apartment house, with neighbors on every side. That question broke the tension, and I felt confident that this inquiry had nothing to do with me personally. I told the examiner quite frankly that yes, he certainly knew where I had been, and with whom, but there had been "no counter-revolutionary talk." We had been drinking a little, yes. A little dancing and flirting. We had sung. But there had been no politics.

Whether the information sought in this inquiry concerned any one of my guests, or our party generally, I never knew. I had to answer explicit personal questions on every individual who came to the party. Obviously, one or more of my guests had been secret police informers. Perhaps the MVD only wanted to check up on the accuracy of its reports. One never knew. I have been trapped by threats against my own and my family's security, camouflaged in verbiage about "the responsibility of the Soviet citizen to safeguard the State," into providing the secret police with such reports at times. Such experiences, it

can be readily understood, tend to discourage you from inviting your colleagues home for sociable evenings.

IV

The problem of Party work was a nightmare. All Universities and Institutes (both give degrees of equal standing, and both are entered after completion of 10-year schools) have a Communist Party Committee and a Comsomol Committee. The case of Professor Alexandrov, who taught in my department, was an example of how Party students could gain credit in these political committees for "social work." Each year, the best theses are put in the library, for reference use by the next year's students. Each thesis is 100 to 150 handwritten pages, with 10 or 12 technical drawings. It is physically impossible for a professor to read every word in every one that comes to him. But a Communist student, who had been reviewing some old theses in the library, reported that he had detected "an erroneous point of view" in a paper that Professor Alexandrov had passed.

Although it was a scientific paper, a court, consisting of selected faculty and student members, was set up, and Professor Alexandrov was put on trial. He got off with a reprimand; the Party had only taken advantage of the opportunity for a show trial. But the atmosphere became so tense that Alexandrov had to leave the Institute. He was a conscientious man, who had told me that he always concentrated on the technical parts of a

thesis as most important. I had warned him of the danger in this — that it was in the long introductions and verbose endings that personal opinions might slip in, and that it was on this that one had to focus attention, even at the expense of technical portions.

We often noticed that a professor much less capable than others would make outstanding progress. He would always be a Party member. When the old professor who headed our department died, it was taken for granted that I, as his closest assistant, would succeed him. The job, however, was assigned to an instructor who had been my student. He had had the habit of missing lectures to attend to Party affairs. This absence from class for Party work was often a favorite artifice by those who needed their studies most.

Shortly before the war, however, when numerous specialists were being sent all over the country to head engineering and construction projects, this man, too, was sent. He did not relish the distant, politically dangerous assignment, but he had no choice, and so I was finally given the post as department head.

We non-Party members often came up against evidence of the constant struggle for power that took place within the Communist ranks, of how ruthlessly it was fought, and with what patient subterfuge. All controversies between Party members are supposed to remain secret, to be settled by a high Party committee when

officials are involved, and by a local Party superior where the rank and file is concerned. One such contest pitted the Director of my Institute against our Party Committee Secretary. They were polite in public, but a number of us on the faculty knew that each was trying to oust the other.

They were well matched — the Director was supported by his Moscow Ministry, and the Party Secretary by the local District Party Committee — much nearer home. The climax came on the eve of Constitution Day. A supper-concert was held for the faculty and students. Party big shots, as usual, did not eat, but attended to the arrangements and then retired for their own special supper later. A few of the prettier girl students were invited. I was invited, too, although I was a non-Party man. I found out why later.

Just before the festivities ended, the Party Secretary joined me and another professor, and we strolled down the hallway, chatting. Someone opened the door of a classroom — and there within was the director, in the arms of one of the girl students. It dawned on me later that the poor man had been framed. As was to be expected, he was dismissed — and also, as was to be expected, he was replaced by a close associate of the Secretary's.

V

On the eve of patriotic or anniversary days, we had to attend meetings of the entire faculty and student body, when an "order of the day" might be made

public, naming those who were to receive awards for work or study — cash prizes, coupons to buy a suit or pair of pants, a piece of material to make into a suit, perhaps some shoes. We had to sit through interminable speeches, all expounding the Party line, and all containing the pious allusions to Comrade Stalin.

The similarity of these speeches is no accident, as my own experience attests. The Party Secretary usually picks the speakers, and generally invites each one to come and see him "for a little discussion." In my case, which was typical, he remarked that "it might be advisable" for me to mention the Party's important rôle in my own field, and, "as you certainly know, at the end of a speech, one usually refers to Comrade Stalin." It might be the same dull propaganda that everyone had been reading in the newspapers, seeing in the movies and hearing over the radio; but I could no more avoid putting it into my speech than I could avoid attending these "voluntary" meetings.

While Universities specialize in the natural sciences, mathematics, physics, law and the social sciences, the Institutes operate in the specialized fields: medicine, agriculture, business problems, etc. Each Ministry not only directs industry in its own field, but also educates the manpower for that industry by its direct control of the appropriate Institutes. It has the responsibility for educating just the right number of men in each specialty, so that each man fits his job, and no

man is without a job. We often heard of administrators being arrested and accused of faulty job planning — and without exception they would also be charged with doing this deliberately. It would be sabotage or some other anti-social act. As ultimate responsibility for the Ministries is in the hands of the Communist Party, when specialists cannot get the job they are trained for, it cannot be ascribed simply to poor planning, or to the human element — this would conflict with Communist ideology. The Party can do no wrong, even by inference.

I was employed in two Institutes and, at the same time, as an engineering consultant in several plants. This doubling up in education and factory work was encouraged by the government, as it was supposed to give practical experience to pedagogues. For myself, it was the only way to make a living. I received a full salary in the Engineering Institute, and worked elsewhere by the hour. I worked almost fifteen hours a day for six days a week — and often six more hours on my day off. Officially, I had two months' vacation a year, but in practice I was only able to absent myself from all work for a month at a time every few years.

My day started about 7:30 A.M., for Institute life began at 9 A.M., and I lived on the edge of town, almost an hour away by trolley. Lectures last 50 minutes, with 10-minute intervals between them. I gave three such lectures for the Locomotive Faculty, then two more for the Railway Cars

Faculty, both in the same building. Then I took another crowded trolley, and spent two or three more hours at one of my jobs as consulting engineer.

After this, I would go to another Institute, in another part of town. I worked more than half-time at this second Institute, but the law forbids collecting more than half your regular pay at any second job. So, in effect, I worked overtime at reduced pay. At this second Institute I lectured for two hours, and then spent two to three hours helping students with their projects. After this I could go home — another packed trolley, and another hour's ride. But my day's work was not yet ended. I had to put in a couple more hours preparing the next day's lectures and, finally, do whatever extra assignments I had, such as writing textbooks.

During wartime in Leningrad University, I taught in a building without windows, without electricity, my hands almost frozen, while my students tried to take notes without removing their mittens, and we tried to ignore the sound of shells outside.

There were times when only one student remained in a class, for all the others were out doing war work, or in the military services. But we professors had to stay at our posts, in a skeleton institution, so that the Russian radio could boast to the rest of the nation and to the world that not even artillery fire or incendiary bombs could stop Soviet education.

That was wartime. But in spirit Soviet Russia is the same in peacetime.

THE SOAP BOX



EDITORIAL NOTES

Shop Talk. An editorial office has one feature in common with a railroad station or an office building elevator: one never knows whom one will meet there, and almost anything can happen. From this point of view, nearly every day at THE AMERICAN MERCURY is filled with the unexpected. . . . Over a period of several days, not long ago, a middle-aged man would rush in and ask for asylum, because "dangerous Communists, one of them a tall man," were hunting for him with intent to kill. He was satisfied when allowed to sit in the reception room for a few minutes, and always thanked the receptionist profusely. We haven't heard from him since. . . . At least three, four times every week we get a letter or postcard denouncing us as Communists, which will be news to Andrei Vishinsky. . . . For some two years now, about the first and tenth of every month we have been receiving a postcard from someone in Nevada, warning us that there is a Hell, where all sinners will eventually go. The card is, merci-

fully, not addressed to any individual on the staff, but to the editorial department as a whole. . . . Lately we have been getting huge, hand-written manuscripts (carbon copies), with vague return addresses in several Middle-Western states. They all seem to be written by the same person, and the burden of most of them is that Shakespeare never existed, a point of view that should interest the adherents of the Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. . . . One afternoon a pleasant-faced and soft-spoken woman in her seventies asked for the editorial secretary, and in a very sweet tone, said, "I have read a wonderful piece in your magazine. Simply wonderful! As a matter of fact, it changed my whole life. And I would like a copy of the magazine containing it." But she did not remember the author's name. She did not remember the approximate issue it had appeared in: "Oh, it may have been a few months ago, or perhaps further back — two or three years." She didn't remember whether it was a story, a poem, an article or a review. "Isn't it maddening how it all escapes

my mind?" said the woman. . . . One man has been sending us short stories (all of them, unfortunately, poor) for more than twenty years now. They all deal with a character called Nora, who throughout all these years has been refusing the attentions of a man who is never identified by name. . . . We have a thirty-page manuscript in the office (it has no return address anywhere on it), which ends with these lines: "I cannot finish this article, because the men have come to take my typewriter away. But you have enough of what is going through my mind for you to be able to finish it yourselves." . . . We often get one- or two-page articles entitled, "How to Prevent World War III." . . . In the past four years we haven't received a single short story dealing with the glories and miracles of so-called free love. Has this any significance? Or is it only the MERCURY's good luck?



We have long sought articles on the movies, and the only reason we have printed so few is that we haven't been able to get many good ones. Of course, we don't want reviews of the current super-colossal masterpieces that sink into oblivion not long after opening night, and we don't yearn for studies of the innermost spiritual secrets of prominent actors and actresses. We want well-thought-out and clearly written discussions of the cinema as distinct from the theatre, which frankly recognize its limitations yet

also point to its very considerable achievements — and even greater potentialities as a mature medium of artistic expression. The time has long passed for viewing the movies with condescension. The editorial doors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY are wide open for suitable contributions on this general subject.

CULTURE AND POLITICS

The other day I read a beautifully written and witty review of Shaw's *St. Joan* by Field Marshal Viscount Wavell, in the London *Spectator*. I immediately recalled his excellent anthology of poetry entitled, *Other Men's Flowers*, I believe. And I began to think of other soldiers and statesmen who have revealed themselves as cultured. There was Balfour, the philosopher; Clemenceau, also a philosopher; in our own day, there is Smuts, originator of a whole system of metaphysics, holism; Claudel, the distinguished French poet and playwright; President Romulo Gallegos of Venezuela, who is a novelist of considerable skill. In our own past, we had Bayard Taylor, the translator of Goethe; James Russell Lowell, of course; Andrew White, the historian; John Hay, Washington Irving and a few others. But what of today? Our statesmen, such as they are, seem to be proud of their ignorance in the realms of poetry, fiction and philosophy. They feel that such ignorance stamps them as manly and mature,

free of all "adolescent" interests. The other day I heard a businessman say, "Yes, Jim Forrestal reads poetry and stuff like that. But don't get him wrong. He's all right. He's a real solid man, in spite of that." I often think that such a childish attitude may be one of the reasons for the lack of imagination in so much of contemporary American statesmanship. I believe that if President Truman and Marshall and Vandenberg and Taft and Dewey and the rest of them spent a little more time in front of "adolescent" books they'd be less "practical" and a whole lot more sensible.

JOHN L. MARSTON

Bangor, Me.

ARE CHURCHES INVULNERABLE?

Recently one of the news services sent out a story leading off, in effect, as follows:

"Although the whole area was damaged severely, and most buildings were demolished, a church with its spire was still standing, virtually intact."

There have been a good many such stories and no doubt there will be more. They were especially frequent during World War II. Whether accurate or not, such stories are apparently regarded as justifiable because they pander to a stereotyped attitude, dear to the hearts of many, which embodies a covert wish to perpetuate a silly superstition.

Let us have a news story some time about a disaster in which all the

churches are included among the buildings demolished, but in which some building used for worldly purposes, such as a saloon or house of prostitution, is damaged only slightly. By the laws of chance, this, too, should happen occasionally. This suggestion is not made cynically, but with a sober and earnest desire to foster honesty. The operation of natural laws is impartial.

DWIGHT E. MITCHELL

San Jose, Cal.

THOMAS MANN

The other day I was reading an essay on Nietzsche by Thomas Mann and found myself getting more and more confused. A week later I tried the essay again, and again I made no sense out of it. It suddenly occurred to me that the fault was not mine, but Dr. Mann's. He not only had nothing to say but said it in a dreary, repetitious, pedestrian and almost unreadable manner. Dr. Mann never says today is Monday. He says, "Today, being a part of the ordinary calendar (known in common parlance as the Gregorian calendar — or perhaps I should not say common parlance, for, in truth, it is not so common), and following a day known as Sunday, and coming, to follow the same thought, directly and indeed chronologically, before Tuesday, might very well be labelled, for purposes of general conversation and ordinary usage, as Monday." Am I exaggerating? Then, read Dr. Mann's massive and dull Joseph books. Read the second half of *The Magic Moun-*

tain. Read also the middle of *Buddenbrooks*. Of course, his shorter pieces are a different matter. I think *Death in Venice*, for example, is wonderful. My point is that Dr. Mann, in his larger works, is a windbag, and that as a short story or short novel writer he is superb. I know this runs counter to what the Nobel Prize judges thought some years ago, and to what the fancier reviewers and critics say, but I stick by my guns. And I have a hunch a lot of people agree with me.

LEONARD O. POST

Kansas City, Mo.

PROGRESS IN THE CARIBBEAN

I don't know how many Americans are aware of the fact, but the government of the Dominican Republic is sponsoring a project that will surely prove of epic significance. Señor Rafael Trujillo, the man in charge of the Dominicans, has ordered the construction of a synthetic mountain, and the work is now well under way.

The mountain is ostensibly intended to honor Christopher Columbus, but we may be sure that this will not be its only function. A mountain is too valuable a piece of property to serve only as a monument. Sooner or later someone will be demanding use of the thing for some private purpose: the Dominican boy scouts might want the mountain for climbing purposes, for example; or a winter sports club might want it for skiing. (They don't usually have snow in the Do-

minican Republic, but surely Señor Trujillo could have some manufactured.) It might even serve as the rendezvous of some anti-Trujillo guerrillas, who might be in need of a place to swoop down *from* when they swoop down on the capital city. Gold might be discovered in the mountain. But all this is mere conjecture.

What is important is that man has finally unlocked the ages-old secret of the mountain. The old-fashioned natural mountain has at one blow been rendered obsolete. Whether man will use his new discovery for good or evil remains to be seen.

JAMES B. BELL, JR.

Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN AS BAD COOKS

A bachelor friend of mine invited me over to his house the other night for dinner. It was the best dinner I had had for a long, long time . . . since I married my wife. And I began to think of similar experiences I have had through the years. It's the men who make good cooks, and it's the women who botch up food. Who ever heard of a celebrated woman chef? Who ever heard of a great cook who wasn't a man—and often an unmarried one? The cook-books? Yes, most of them are written by women. But good meals are not made by following recipes in cook books. Good meals are made with imagination—a quality women are sadly lacking in.

H.

San Pedro, Cal.

PSYCHOSOMATIC ALLERGY

BY HARRY SWARTZ, M.D.

CONSIDERED in the simplest terms, an allergy is a condition of extreme sensitivity. It has been estimated that 10 per cent of all Americans are allergic to one thing or another — to dust, to various foods and drinks, to special complex proteins, to drugs, bacteria and fungi. Some people react even to the touch of certain metals; others are affected by specific conditions of heat or light.

The growth of psychosomatic medicine in recent years has added still another cause of allergy to the list: the emotions. We now know that allergic diseases may be brought on by emotional stress — by a frustration, for example — just as readily as by material agents. This fact was originally not easy for allergists to accept. Many of them, who could see plainly why an apple might bring on an allergy, were not trained to understand how frustrations and anxieties might do it. But in the end the psychosomatic explanation of allergies could not be denied: without it, many case histories simply made no sense.

Take, for example, the history of

Mary N., an eight-year-old asthmatic. Mary was the youngest of four children. The second youngest child was fourteen, so that Mary was virtually an only child in a family of grown-ups. Her parents were in their late forties and well-to-do.

Mary had had asthma since her second year. Although her attacks had generally been mild, they were apt to occur at any time of the year. In September of her fifth year she had suddenly suffered an unusually severe attack, and her mother had taken her from New York to Florida, where the two of them remained for nine months. In Florida the symptoms completely disappeared. In June Mary and her mother returned home to New York. The older children were then leaving for summer camps, but Mary stayed home with her parents and continued to enjoy good health. When her brother and sisters arrived home in September, her asthma returned in an aggravated form, and she was again hurried off to Florida. This time an older sister accompanied her, and although her

HARRY SWARTZ, M.D., has been a practicing allergist since 1937, and for four years during the war he was Chief of the Allergy Department of Tilton General Hospital at Fort Dix, New Jersey. He has written a number of articles on allergies for general and professional magazines. This article is a condensation of several chapters from a recently-completed book.

asthmatic attacks abated somewhat, they did not entirely disappear. Mary returned to New York in June and was well until September, when the entire cycle began again.

At this point Mary was taken to an allergist. He found that she was allergic to dust and to certain foods. It was decided, however, that these could not in themselves have accounted for all her attacks.

It was also apparent that Mary was an emotionally unbalanced child. She was — at the age of eight — still sucking her thumb. She bit her nails. In the doctor's office she was aggressive, hostile and very uncooperative, and she was constantly clinging to her mother.

The doctor also learned from the mother that Mary had been — frankly — an unwanted child. Both parents had attempted, of course, to keep her from learning this, but they had patently been unsuccessful. Inevitably, Mary had developed terrible feelings of insecurity: she had felt she was an outcast, and because she was too young to enter into the games of her older sisters and brother the feeling had been strengthened.

The picture was now falling into focus. Mary obviously had a tremendous need for parental affection. When she was alone with her mother she was entirely happy and was not bothered by asthma. The climate of Florida, whatever other miraculous powers it may have, was not responsible for Mary's rapid transitions to good health: it was brought out, un-

der questioning, that Mary's asthma had disappeared several hours after she and her mother got aboard the train. But when September arrived Mary was supposed to go to school. This would have meant at least a partial separation from her mother. She protested, unconsciously, by developing asthmatic symptoms.

It was obvious that Mary's asthma was due more to psychological causes than to her sensitivity to dust or foods. These latter allergies were entirely real, however; and they had undoubtedly been the cause of her original asthmatic attacks. It was only when she discovered that these attacks brought her closer to her mother that she began to develop them "on her own," as it were. In any event, Mary is now being treated by a child psychiatrist. Her asthma has been largely cleared up.

II

Psychosomatic allergies, like purely material allergies, may involve any part of the body, from head to heels. Most people associate allergies with only a few ailments, especially respiratory ailments and skin diseases. Hay fever, asthma, hives and eczema are the best known. But these are far from being the only allergic diseases, and they are certainly not the most dangerous. A list of allergic diseases would have to include migraine, epilepsy, colitis, canker sores, conjunctivitis, Ménière's syndrome, benign peritonitis, irregularities of the heart beat, contact dermatitis, sinusi-

tis and certain ulcer conditions; and even then the list would be far from complete.

These diseases may be brought on by material allergies alone, or, as in the case of Mary N.'s asthma, they may be brought on by a combination of material and psychosomatic allergies. There remains the question of whether an allergy can be caused by psychosomatic difficulties alone. That is, could Mary N. ever have developed psychosomatic attacks of asthma if there had not been an original allergy to dust and certain foods?

The answer appears to be that she could, have. Some allergists are still fighting a rearguard battle against this idea, but the weight of medical opinion, as well as the records of hundreds of patients, is against them. Two case histories will serve to illustrate the point.

During the war a man whom we shall call Private X was rushed to his base hospital one day: he was plainly an emergency case. He was covered by hives from head to toes, and he was able to breathe only with difficulty. An examination of his chest revealed nothing, but an inspection of his throat showed that he had a profuse swelling of the mucous membranes, extending as far down as his larynx. An increase in the swelling would have closed off his windpipe entirely and resulted in death from asphyxia. The Army doctors quickly administered adrenalin and had his throat swabbed with a heavily concentrated solution. The swelling grad-

ually disappeared and the surface hives were reduced somewhat, but as soon as the adrenalin wore off the symptoms returned.

The following day Private X made a remarkable recovery. At dawn a message was received at the hospital notifying him that his company had dropped him from its rolls. It was also learned that his outfit was proceeding to a port of embarkation. Private X seemed to be terribly upset at this news, and he carried on for some time about being separated from his buddies. Nevertheless, as the day wore on his symptoms decreased in severity, and by nightfall they had — without the help of any medication — disappeared entirely.

During the next two weeks Private X was examined carefully and kept under constant surveillance. It was established definitely that his hives had not been caused by any material allergies. He had several more attacks of hives in this period, and in one of them his throat symptoms returned. But when it was decided that he was to be discharged from the Army he improved immensely, and when he actually was sent home his recovery was rapid. Two months after his discharge his hives had disappeared completely, and they have not returned. It is obvious that his allergy was entirely psychosomatic in nature: Private X was unable to face the thought of going overseas. At the same time his loyalty to his buddies prevented him from consciously seeking a way out: he was not the type of man to go

AWOL or to try deliberately maiming himself. He solved his conflict on a purely subconscious level, by developing severe allergic symptoms.

Another case history is rather more complex. It involved a 40-year-old stenographer, Miss G. She was handsome and intelligent, but she had suffered from migraine for twenty-two years. At the time she came to a doctor the attacks were becoming more severe and more frequent. At the height of the attacks her headaches would be accompanied by nausea, voluminous vomiting and stupor. The stupor would last from 12 to 24 hours, after which she could get up and go about her work, though she would remain fatigued and somewhat uncoordinated for a few days.

The doctor examined Miss G. thoroughly, but was unable to find any physical explanation for her migraine. An allergist to whom she was referred was unable to discover any material sensitivities. It was not until Miss G. was persuaded to talk about her personal background that the doctors began to see a glimmer of light.

She had been one of four children (there had been two older brothers and a younger sister) in a lower middle class family. Her father had died when she was only ten, and the two brothers took upon themselves the support of the household. The brothers, with mistaken zeal, decided to bring her up "strictly": she was, for example, always asked to leave the room when any money problems, family difficulties or sex matters were

discussed. When she was fifteen her brothers began to take turns dating her, so that she would know how to act when any men took her out. Her hours were carefully regulated, and she had to account for the manner in which she spent all her time. The brothers impressed on her strongly the warning that men were often unscrupulous in their behavior toward young girls, and that she must be constantly on her guard.

The result, of course, was that she grew up with a deathly fear of all men: she liked them, she said, but she couldn't understand why all of them couldn't be as "nice" as her brothers were. She was a strikingly pretty girl, however, and one young man began to court her rather persistently. She could not find anything wrong with the idea of marriage, and discussed it openly with her family. It was decided, finally, that Miss G. should accept the young man's proposal.

It was at this point that migraine headaches and nausea began to bother her. One evening as she and her suitor sat in his car discussing plans for their future, she developed such acute nausea that she had to leave the car to vomit. After that the very thought of marriage brought on headaches and vomiting: whenever she was asked to set a date, migraine would come on. Eventually, she decided not to marry the man. The pattern of these events repeated itself several times subsequently. Whenever one of her boy friends gave indications of getting serious about her she quickly de-

veloped migraine attacks. She never married.

The psychodynamics of this case are complex. But the general picture of the patient is clear enough: she was a dependent, insecure, affection-demanding child who, like Peter Pan, never quite grew up. The brothers represented a collective parental symbol, and perhaps more, to Miss G. She never succeeded in separating herself emotionally from her brothers. In tracing her history, the doctors were able to relate every attack of migraine to some incident which thrust upon Miss G. the problems of adulthood: considerations of marriage, friendship with men, illness in the family, the marriages of her brothers, etc. She was never able to face these problems openly, as a mature adult has to: she could meet them only on an unconscious level, by developing illness.

III

At this point, several questions may arise. What, specifically, is a psychosomatic allergy? How does it differ from other psychosomatic ailments? And why is it that an emotional stress may produce different allergic diseases in different men?

To the last question we can, at present, give no definite answer. Why emotional problems should cause Mary N. to develop asthma, Private X to develop hives and Miss G. to develop migraine is still a complete mystery. (Allergists have the same problem with material agents: they

still do not know why an allergy to pollen, for example, causes asthma in one case, hay fever in another and conjunctivitis in a third.)

To understand the difference between a psychosomatic allergy and other psychosomatic ailments requires some understanding of the physical nature of allergies. Any allergy, whatever its origin, is distinguished from other diseases by swelling in the body tissues. This swelling is always present in allergic diseases: it occurs immediately prior to the appearance of the allergic symptoms. The exact symptoms depend on the location of the swelling. If the swelling is in the bronchial tubes the result is asthma; if it is in the nose the result is hay fever; if in the brain, epilepsy; if in the covering of the brain, migraine; if in the skin, either hives or eczema; if in the colon, colitis; and so on. Many psychosomatic diseases are obviously not allergic in nature. A man with an insoluble emotional conflict is just as likely to develop a paralyzed leg as he is to develop hives, and the former has nothing to do with allergies. As to why the man should develop one of these ailments instead of the other — again, we do not know.

The physical apparatus for translating emotional disturbances into allergic diseases is extremely complex, but the basic process is readily intelligible to a layman. The tissue swelling, which causes the allergic symptoms, is caused by a leakage of the fluid part of the blood from the capillaries into the tissues.

Capillaries are infinitesimally small blood vessels which exist in every tissue of the body, and which form a complex, intertwining network that covers an enormous surface area. The capillary wall, separating the tissues from the blood inside the capillaries, is only a fraction of a millimeter thick. Through this wall carbon dioxide and other end products of cell activity pass from the tissues into the blood, and oxygen and nutriment pass from the blood into the tissues. But if the capillaries are expanded in size, the already thin capillary wall is stretched even thinner, and it becomes porous; in this case the fluid part of the blood also seeps through the wall into the tissues. This causes the tissues to swell. The result is an allergic symptom.

The next question, logically, is: what causes the capillaries to expand? The size of the capillaries is regulated by a number of different chemical agents, some of which tend to expand the capillaries and some of which tend to contract them. Normally, these chemicals produce a balance; that is, they cancel one another out and the capillaries remain at normal size. But in times of emotional stress this chemical balance may be destroyed. The vegetative nervous system, which is the chief carrier of nervous impulses to the capillaries, may secrete an excess of acetyl-choline, the chemical which most tends to expand the size of the capillaries.

The vegetative nervous system is intimately related to our whole emotional lives. It is fundamentally re-

sponsible for the translation of our feelings and emotions into physical processes. It regulates all glandular secretions, such as the activity of the gastro-intestinal tract, the respiratory system and the beating of the heart. The physical responses to emotional stress — flushing with anger, blanching with fear, increased bladder activity, moistening of the palms, dryness in the mouth and loss of appetite, for example — are all controlled by the vegetative nervous system. That there are paths of communication between this system and the central nervous system, which controls voluntary action, is pretty well established. This explains how the disturbance produced by a conscious emotional conflict may travel over the vegetative nervous system, which in turn may stimulate a physical response. When, under these circumstances, the capillaries are the recipients of the stimulation, allergic symptoms may result.

As already indicated, there is a good deal about allergies that we do not know. We know in general how allergies are produced, but we can never predict what specific symptoms will result from them. In the treatment of allergies we do not yet understand why injections help some patients and not others. But the development of psychosomatic medicine has opened up an entirely new area of battle; it has given the allergists a new weapon. Thousands of men and women who have been suffering from allergies may find yet that psychiatric treatment will cure them.

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN EDUCATED MAN

BY O. C. CARMICHAEL

The entire object of true education is to make men not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things; not merely learned but to love knowledge; not merely industrious but to love industry; not merely pure but to love purity; not merely just but to hunger and thirst after justice.

JOHN RUSKIN

THROUGHOUT the world education is on the march. In Great Britain students in unprecedented numbers are clamoring for admission to colleges and universities. On the continent, despite the depredations of war, institutions are filled to overflowing. In the British Commonwealth — South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Canada — the story is the same: wholly inadequate facilities for the numbers seeking higher education. In the United States a college population of 250,000 in 1900 has expanded to 2.1 million in 1947, while all the endowments accumulated by institutions of higher learning from 1636 (Harvard's founding) to 1900 have increased by more than 1000 per cent in the past 47 years.

Education is the world's greatest single enterprise and it is expanding

as never before. In the United States it engages the full-time attention of one fourth the population all the time. While all the gainfully employed in a peak year scarcely reached 60 million, education alone involves more than 30 million every year. Whereas formerly youth alone was served, in our time adults are crowding the classrooms, seeking further preparation through part-time study. Such is our overwhelming faith in something we call "education."

But with all our faith in it and emphasis upon it, no two people agree on what it is, what it's for, or how one acquires it. Thousands of volumes have been written on the nature, purposes, methods, issues and outcomes of education. From Plato's *Republic* to the Harvard Report the best minds of the centuries have given attention to the subject without exhausting it. Aristotle and Quintilian, Pestalozzi and Froebel, Rabelais and Rousseau, Montessori and Dewey are among the host of names associated with theories, methods, philosophies and systems. A glance at the history of education reveals a picture of vast

O. C. CARMICHAEL is President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and former Chancellor of Vanderbilt University. He has spent 35 years in educational work, on the high school, college, university and graduate-school levels.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complexity while the current literature only adds to the confusion. The terms classical education, progressive education, vocational education, professional education, general education and liberal education are freely used, though there is no common agreement as to their meaning. In view of the complexity and confusion of terms, what device could be used to make clear the meaning of education?

Perhaps our understanding would be clarified if we thought concretely rather than abstractly, if we undertook to portray "man educated" rather than to define education. If this does not light all the dark corners of our mystery, it ought, at least, to raise the veil part way.

II

The first requirement of "man educated" is adaptation. Orientation or adjustment to his world are other names for it. The tools of learning, the three Rs, ability to express his ideas, knowledge of his world and of himself, skills in the performance of tasks, all contribute to his adaptation. They are all essential elements of his equipment. But "man educated" is more than "man adjusted." He cannot be merely a neatly fitting cog in the social, economic and political machinery of his society. He must represent the intelligence that defines society's purposes, the reason that regulates its operations and the aspiration that furnishes the driving power of social progress. In other words, he must not only be adjusted

to his universe with all that that implies; he must also be intelligent, reasonable, ambitious for the common good, and sensitive to both social and spiritual values. These general statements sketch in broad outlines the profile of "man educated." They must be analyzed and amplified if the portrait is to be complete and convincing.

Adaptation has been the first goal of education throughout all its long history. The most primitive tribes invented "initiation ceremonies," the earliest form of education, for the purpose of acquainting their youth with tribal lore, with the nature of their responsibilities, and (through physical ordeals), with the hardships of life. They constituted youth's introduction to adult life and were designed to assist in adjusting them to their new rôle. This basic purpose has remained constant and applies now to the most advanced forms of modern education. The means of accomplishing it are more complicated because life is more complex.

The three Rs are but a key to the treasure house of knowledge and constitute, therefore, the first steps in the process of education. With that tool, man can begin to get acquainted with himself, his world, his physiology and hygiene, his needs and his capacities; the economic, social, political, historical and philosophical aspects of his society; and the physical, biological and astronomical features of the natural world. Knowledge of oneself, of one's fellow man, and of the world of nature is the first essential of one's

adjustment to the complexities of life. It is therefore the foundation of education, the first requisite of "man educated."

But one must not only be "adapted" at a given moment; one must also be "adaptable," since our surroundings change. The chameleon changes color to suit his background; it is necessary for his protection. Likewise "man educated" must not only possess facts if he is to know his way around; he must be able to deduce new facts as his environment changes. This requires intelligence, reason and initiative. These powers alone make possible man's adjustment to the shifting panorama of life.

But clearly school and college years do not provide sufficient time in which to acquire all the knowledge necessary to thorough adjustment. Moreover, scientific discoveries are constantly uncovering hitherto-unknown facts. The frontiers of knowledge are always expanding. If one knew all there is to know today, he would still be ignorant of much that will be known tomorrow unless he continued his pursuit of knowledge. Intellectual curiosity then, which impels one to seek for more and more knowledge, is a necessary ingredient of the fully adjusted person.

Someone made a study of American college graduates and their careers following graduation. On the basis of all the facts obtained he concluded that, on the average, fifty out of every one hundred had reached the height of their educational careers on

commencement day, and fifty had just begun. Whether the latter number should have been fifty or twenty (the latter seems the more likely), only those who acquire a zest for knowledge during college years or later continue to keep abreast of the times; and only they can be called *educated*. Thus deep and abiding intellectual interests are a *sine qua non* of "man educated." Without this dynamic, growth ceases and mental arteriosclerosis sets in. Mental flexibility, born of continuous search for knowledge, is the mark of the truly educated.

III -

But seeking after knowledge is not sufficient; it must be supplemented by a continuous search for basic principles by which men live — principles upon which individual actions are based, principles of democratic living. Acquisition of principles, a philosophy of life, is more important than the acquisition of facts. Facts evaporate; principles remain. Basic principles, intellectual, esthetic, moral and spiritual, form the basis of judgment, the basis of discrimination, and provide a sense of values without which no one can be truly oriented. They serve as a guide in the evaluation of statements, of others' principles of conduct, of people and of movements. They are basic to character, poise, power and influence. They enable man to distinguish between cheapness and grandeur of soul. They are indispensable elements of the effective personality.

But knowledge of facts and principles, intelligence and reason, and increasing use of all three, do not complete the picture of "man educated" since man does not live by *intellect alone* any more than he lives by *bread alone*. He is a social being because he lives among men, hence social understanding is necessary to his adaptation. The boor, the anti-social individual, the inconsiderate and intolerant belong to that great host of *illiterates* that retard the progress of the race. While the census does not list social illiterates along with the others, their presence in society is nonetheless real, and their block on progress no less serious than that of their colleagues who cannot read or write.

Social literacy means first of all adjustment to society, the ability to live in harmony with all men of good will, whatever the race, creed or color. It means knowledge of the forces at work in society — economic, social, political and religious — and an attitude that enables him to live and work effectively with them. It means constructive beliefs, purposes and convictions. Finally, it means not merely social-mindedness but a sense of social responsibility. It is inconceivable that the truly "educated" should be indifferent to the problems of his community and of his society. Loyalty and faithfulness, consideration and social concern, and principles by which he orders his life are essential qualities of "man educated."

What more needs to be added? Is the portrait now complete or is there

yet some element lacking? Man artistic, learned, high-minded, intelligent, reasonable, dynamic and social has been pictured in some detail. Despite that fact the full stature of "man educated" seems inadequately sketched. There is still no reference to a basic inspiration of mankind which has been derived from faith in the Unseen. The completely educated cannot ignore one of the deepest urges of mankind, older than the scientific and more universal. In this materialistic age we tend to forget that science and education were born of man's groping after the unknowable; that the search for knowledge did not begin until man recognized that there were forces in the universe with which he could not cope. Humbled by that recognition, he began to seek understanding through religion as well as science.

R. R. Marrett, in a book entitled *From Spell to Prayer*, tells that story in dramatic fashion. In the course of man's evolution he pictures the primitive "medicine" man in the midst of his incantations, suddenly dropping his magic wand and falling on his face in prayer as his expanding intelligence enabled him to realize that the forces of nature, which he had been wont to command, were beyond his control. Thus reverence and humility, awe and wonder, born of fuller understanding, gave rise to the quest for Universal Truth which we call *religion*. At the same time the natural curiosity arising from contact with unseen powers, and the need for more

facts about nature in order to be able to cope with it, started man on his never-ending search for knowledge which we call *science*. Thus religion and science were the twin offspring of man's burgeoning intelligence as he sought to relate himself to his world. No definition of the educated man would be complete which lacked reference to his efforts to adjust himself to the invisible universe or which failed to take into account the inspiration which man has found in his religion.

A groping after Universal Truth is then a necessary requisite of "man educated." Not only must his imagination have led him to the precipice of the unknown and caused him to stand in awe of the wonders of that realm but his love of truth must have urged him on to seek a fuller understanding of, and closer harmony with, that universe and its Governor. Denial of the reality of the unseen, indifference to it, or lack of appreciation of its importance to mankind indicate a blind spot in one's intellectual and spiritual vision which is not characteristic of the truly educated. Adjustment then to the invisible world as well as to the world of nature and of man is essential to "man educated."

IV

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that men fall naturally into three classes, which he described as one-story men, two-story men and three-story men with skylight. "Fact gatherers," he said, "who have no interest beyond

their facts are one-story men. Two-story men reason, calculate, draw conclusions, using the facts of the fact gatherers as well as their own. Three-story men with skylight," he declared, "imagine, predict, dream dreams, their best illumination comes from above through the skylight." The truly educated, then, according to Mr. Holmes, are three-story men with skylight whose imagination is kindled and whose vision is clarified by the invisible rays of Universal Truth which come "from above through the skylight."

What more need be said in answer to the question, "What Constitutes an Educated Man?" Perhaps only to gather up the threads of our argument and weave them into a miniature pattern of "man educated."

First of all, he is a man of learning. Knowledge of himself and of his society and of the world of nature, which makes him at home in his environment, is the first element of his equipment. Skill in the art of communication, which enables him to express his thoughts, is a second requirement. Skillful expression indicates a high degree of discrimination in the use of words, which is possible only when the thinking process is sharpened and refined. Perception, too, is required. Imagination to envisage relationships, intelligence to grasp their meaning and insight to discover new knowledge all characterize the educated man. When these qualities are coupled with an insatiable curiosity, the picture of "man

intellectual" is complete. But that is only part of the story.

If *intellectual* interests constitute the first goal of effective education, *social* interests follow close behind. Tolerance, consideration and social concern are distinguishing characteristics of the educated. Woodrow Wilson once said:

The educated man is to be discovered by his point of view, by the temper of his mind, by his attitude toward life and his fair way of thinking.

"Attitude toward life and fair way of thinking" represent the social and philosophical outlook essential to the truly educated. Its finest flower is a sense of social responsibility which is basic to human aspiration and prog-

ress, and the highest expression of "man social."

But man's quest for Universal Truth is as fundamental as his search for knowledge and his striving for social justice. The fully-educated man responds to this universal urge and, in responding, finds the wisdom, strength, and inspiration which characterize the effective personality.

These then are the marks of the educated man: (1) knowledge, intelligence, reason, imagination, and the gift of self-expression; (2) social awareness and a sense of social responsibility; (3) humility in the presence of the Unknown, and above all a deep desire not only to discover new facts but to find the truth that makes men truly free.

BY THESE WORDS

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

By these words, let me be judged;
by these words, and more:
words that come out like the washed,
free child through the door.
Listen long: oh, you will hear
words like children led
high to peaks, and words like-soft
last words in the bed;
you will hear the still and deep
words I never said.

THE AIRPLANE HELPS THE FARMER

BY HAROLD W. BALDWIN

A NEW kind of farmer's organization has got away to a flying start in these early postwar years. Its members are leaving the solid ground to which generations of their forefathers were so firmly anchored and are taking to the air. In so doing they are writing a new chapter in the history of one of man's oldest occupations. And they are pushing still further into the background the isolation that distance from town imposes upon farm life.

In a little more than half of the states — 29 is the exact number — air-minded farmers who own light airplanes and fly them on a variety of jobs in the operation of their farms, and for business and pleasure trips, have formed state flying farmers' associations. Oklahoma was the first to organize. Sixty were present when the Texas Flying Farmers' Club became a formal group. Two hundred farmers and ranchers and 86 planes turned out for the organization meetings in the two Dakotas. Nearly 200 planes were on hand when Kansas formed its state group; 375 when Nebraska organized. Ohio signed up 118 farmers as charter members. Wisconsin has a state association. So have Minnesota, Colorado,

Iowa, Montana, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan.

Now those state groups have banded together to form the National Flying Farmers Association. Early in August 1946 some 250 members representing fifteen of the state clubs flew to the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater for the first national convention of flying farmers ever held in the United States. For two days they compared notes on the farm work they are doing with their planes, made plans for the future activities of their national club, and inspected in all their details the new ships displayed by several manufacturers. In August 1947 they flew again to Stillwater for their second annual convention, this time a three-day program. Over 900 people from 34 states attended. The total number of planes flown in was 437.

Before he can be accepted as a member of either a state club or the national association, the farmer must meet two qualifications. He must have not less than 51 per cent of his capital invested in farming or ranching, and he — or his wife if she is the flyer — must have at least a student permit to

HAROLD W. BALDWIN spent ten years as associate editor of the *New England Homestead*, a farm magazine published in Massachusetts. He has also worked for the U. S. Department of Agriculture and is now agricultural editor at the University of Connecticut.

fly. It all began at Oklahoma's farm and home week in August 1944. On one day set aside as "Flying Farmers' Day," one hundred farm men and women landed their planes at the Stillwater airport in response to an invitation from the College that they get together to discuss the idea of organizing. So enthusiastic were they that a couple of months later they announced the formation of the first association of its kind in this country — the Oklahoma Flying Farmers' Association.

At farm and home week in 1945 they returned for their second annual state event, 130 ships in all, owned and flown by farmers. This time they were joined by equally enthusiastic flying farmers from eight other states. And before they headed their planes back to their home hangars, the Okies and their visitors began the organization of the National Flying Farmers Association. Since then, the other states have organized and added their names to the national roster.

II

Equipment-minded for generations, farmers began using planes and pilots provided by commercial flying services a few years after the first World War, sending them in long, low sweeps across their fields to dust their crops in the everlasting fight against destructive insects. Now it is the farmer-owned, farmer-flown plane. It made a start in a small way during the thirties, but only in the last few years have farmers realized its possibilities

as a farm machine. Since then thousands of small planes, new jobs from the factories as well as war-surplus ships, have gone to rural buyers. And many more are destined to be hangared out in the open spaces. Manufacturers estimate that from 50 to 75 per cent of their postwar production will go to customers who live in the country. Not all of them will be farmers, of course. But that they are buying-minded is indicated by reports from flying instructors in many rural areas who say that farmers form a large proportion of their students.

Those light planes are proving their worth in all sorts of ways, saving hours that can be put to good use in the fields or in the barns, because the days are never long enough on a farm. They save time and money when a breakdown in equipment may provoke a crisis during the rush of the harvest season. A cross-lots trip to town at a 90- or 100-mile-an-hour clip for repair parts is a matter of a couple of hours or less instead of half a day. And ranchers are resorting to no figure of speech when they tell you they have made a flying trip to inspect cattle roaming over hundreds of acres of range, or to find lost animals or new-born calves.

Winter storms no longer mean the isolation they once did because those farmer-owned planes bring in supplies and mail for neighbors whose roads are snowbound. They make it possible for farmers who own farms many miles apart, like Alfred Ward, Sr., of Kansas, to give them all frequent personal

attention. In his Navy basic trainer he shuttles between his Kansas wheat ranch, his cattle ranch in Texas and another cattle ranch in Colorado. From his Kansas home he can reach his Colorado ranch in about fifteen minutes of flying time, and Texas in about three hours. By road his Texas trip requires a long, tiring day of driving.

Farmers use their planes to hunt coyotes and wolves that used to find livestock on lonely ranges easy prey, to transport extra harvest hands, to spread poison bait when grasshoppers swarm like a plague over fields, to apply sprays or dusts in the fight against crop insects and diseases, and to inspect crops growing in widely separated fields.

Ranchers who check the condition of their miles of fences by plane can do it in a fraction of the time formerly required. A Kansas beekeeper flies on the hunt for fields of good honey crops in which to place his hives. And at least one county agricultural agent is giving farmers advice on the best grasses or legumes for planting on runways, a modern variant from such customary topics as feeding mixtures for livestock, or which of the newest hybrid corns will produce the heaviest yields.

The farmer is not always his own pilot. Sometimes mother or one of the older children may occupy the seat behind the wheel — as do Oklahoma's Arvid Temples, for example. Each of them — dad, mother and the three daughters — is a licensed pilot.

And R. L. Gibson of Texas has demonstrated that youth has no monopoly on the farmers who fly. Seventy-seven years old, he learned the trick when he was seventy-three, and he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday by buying a plane!

Gene McGill, whose idea it was that a national association be formed and who was its first president, uses his plane to manage his Oklahoma wheat ranch and to follow his harvest crews as the combines work northward.

III

What does it cost the farmer for his latest time-saving equipment? No more than he would pay for some of his heavy farm machinery. The \$2000 at which prices for a two-place light plane begin is about what he would pay for some models of tractors, or for a field chopper for putting up hay or silage. If he prefers a fancier four- or five-place ship, its \$5000 or \$6000 price tag would also be found on a large wheat combine or other heavy harvesting equipment.

But while the farmer-owned, farmer-flown plane is making its debut to the grand accompaniment of state flying clubs, its commercial predecessors have become agriculture's aerial hired men for field and orchard work. Farming from the air was first made possible in 1922 when the U. S. Department of Agriculture developed a practical method of plane-dusting cotton to protect it from the boll weevil. Today there are some

eighty or more commercial flying services that provide light planes, with pilots, to do specialized agricultural work. Flying so low they sometimes just about clear the crop over which they are working, they dust or spray the farmer's field crops, spray his orchards to keep the apples on the trees, plant some of his seeds and fertilize his fields at planting time.

Dusting for the control of crop pests is still the plane's most common farm job. Spraying from the air is of more recent origin but it, too, will increase as improvements in equipment and methods are developed. Cotton growers are extensive users of the aerial dusting method. So are vegetable growers in California, in the Lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas, in Florida and along the eastern seaboard, and citrus fruit producers in Florida, Texas and California.

California's rice growers took to the air to get away from a serious weed situation. Under the old system of planting, the fields were flooded to promote seed germination, then drained. But barnyard grasses came in to such an extent that hand weeding costs became prohibitive. Water acts as a weed control, and experiments showed that rice would grow well even if the fields were covered with as much as six inches of water. Then the growers discovered that it was an unpleasant task to plant their flooded fields with ground equipment. At that point they decided to call in the flying services.

Flying at a height of 15 to 25 feet, and lower if the wind is blowing, one plane can plant from 350 to 400 acres per day. In sharp contrast, the usual ground method can seed only about 75 acres in the same time. Seeding is a simple mechanical process, done automatically by means of a spreader attached to the bottom of the seed hopper. The pilot opens the hopper, the seed falls on the spreader and then to the ground.

But in 1946 California's rice growers tackled the weeds themselves from the air. By plane they applied the new weed killer, 2, 4-D, to 3500 acres of the growing crop in the Sacramento Valley with such success that it is likely to become standard practice.

In recent years commercial orchardists have added a new twist to their spraying program. As apples ripen, they have a tendency to drop from the trees before they are fully ripe. The longer the grower delays harvesting so that his fruit will attain proper color and maturity, the greater becomes the danger that he will not have a full crop to pick. Much of it may be on the ground, to be sold at lower prices.

Then it was discovered that chemical compounds commonly known as "plant hormones" would retard that dropping tendency if applied as a spray when the fruit first begins to fall. So powerful are they that a ridiculously small amount — about half a teaspoonful in 100 gallons of water — will do the trick.

When Pacific northwest fruit grow-

ers apply the spray, props hold up limbs that are heavy with fruit and the orchard is littered with boxes in preparation for picking. Ground equipment finds it difficult going under those conditions, but the obstacles mean nothing to a plane flying four or five feet above the trees. Traveling at a speed of about 90 miles per hour, each plane carries from 60 to 80 gallons of spray that is dispersed through rotors resembling steel buffer brushes. Small propellers mounted on the leading edge of the wings whirl the rotors at approximately 2500 revolutions per minute. In one hour a plane can spray from 25 to 30 acres.

IV

Southern Idaho potato growers may use the commercial planes for a new farm practice. Unless a killing frost ends vine growth before the first of October, the tubers lack sufficient time to mature before the digging. Then the crop must be dug in a shorter period, thus knocking harvest labor plans askew. Growers may also miss the early markets so that storage becomes necessary until prices improve.

What to do about it was one of the problems studied by horticulturists at the Idaho Agricultural Experiment Station in Moscow. They discovered that covering the vines with a chemical dust is one method of killing them when nature is late with her own lethal breath. And because a plane can "freeze" a large acreage in a short time, it is ideal for the job.

Flying at speeds of from 80 to 120 miles an hour the plane barely skims the tops of the vines, the landing wheels frequently touching the taller ones. One plane can dust from 300 to 400 acres per day, depending upon the size of the potato fields and their distance from the landing fields where the ships refuel and replenish their supply of dust. Experimentally, dust has been applied at the rate of ten acres in six minutes, a feat far beyond the ability of ground equipment to equal. Its practical possibilities are indicated by the Station's estimate that in years when a natural frost is late, 30,000 to 40,000 acres of Idaho's potatoes may be artificially frozen by the planes.

Other Idaho farmers have developed a fast-growing enthusiasm for the planes, prompted by their almost sensational results in the 1946 control of some of their most serious crop pests. They used the commercial services to dust their peas for the control of weevils and aphids, their onions for thrips, turnips and rutabagas for aphids, hay and seed alfalfa for weevils and legume bugs, corn for earworms, and potatoes for the control of the Colorado potato beetle and flea beetles. At least 90 per cent of all the dusting in Idaho's southern irrigated sections in 1946 was done from the air. So popular was the method that one seed company which estimated its growers would want about 700 acres of peas dusted by plane had to up the figure to 2000 acres. Before the year was much more than half

over, both farmers and seed companies were contracting with the flying services for their 1947 operations.

Farmers in a southern Arkansas county found another job for the light plane not so long ago when soaking rains kept their fields too wet for ground equipment to operate. They used it to plant lespedeza, an annual legume grown for hay and pasture, and to fertilize both lespedeza and oats. The plane did both jobs with a tremendous saving in time. It planted at the rate of approximately 60 acres an hour whereas the usual method seeds an average of only four acres per hour. And it broadcast fertilizer at the

rate of 30 acres per hour, compared with the four or five covered with ground equipment in an hour of time. On a still day the planes fly about 25 feet above the ground, and only 15 feet when the wind is blowing. One plane can carry 600 pounds of seed or 800 to 1000 pounds of fertilizer.

It is a far, far cry from the primitive type of agriculture still existing in some parts of the world, to the highly mechanized farm of the American farmer. His keen interest in equipment that will save time and labor is traditional. He has tried the light plane and found it good. Now he is giving it more jobs to do.

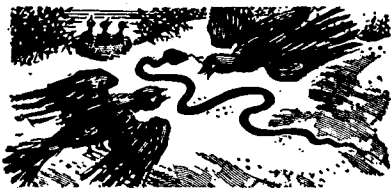
PHRASE ORIGINS—25

NAMBY-PAMBY: *The recommendations issued not long ago by the President's Committee on Civil Rights have been referred to as "no namby-pamby affair." It would have been unfortunate if the document had been called namby-pamby, for the phrase has always meant foolish, weak and insipid. It originated in an incident involving a forgotten English poet named Ambrose Phillips (1671-1749). Phillips wrote some verses for the children of Lord Carteret, which were ridiculed by the critics after they were made public. One of the critics described them as "namby-pamby," a phrase he invented from the children's way of pronouncing Ambrose and rhyming it. In 1726 Harry Carey wrote: "So the Nurses get by Heart Namby Pamby's Little Rhimes"; and Alexander Pope clearly showed the identity of Namby Pamby when he wrote in the Dunciad (1733): "Beneath his reign shall . . . Namby Pamby (A—e P—s) be prefer'd for Wit."*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



THE SENSES OF ANIMALS

ONCE upon a time, according not only to the folklore and legends of all peoples but according also to the strict view of anthropologists and biologists, we were altogether one of the animals. The creature Two-Legs (to avoid argument over a more exact scientific name) was a completely creaturely creature, entirely a member of that general community of creatures which includes also raccoons, hawks, amoebas, lizards and all the rest of the winged, furred, shelled and scaly things that pursue the rounds of their animal destiny under the life-giving sun.

Two-Legs stretched himself on a sun-warmed rock and basked in an animal-beatitude, like his brotherly armadillo. He came prowling out of his den at sun-up and snuffed the scents on the morning air like a fox. He ran when he smelled the danger-smell of an enemy; he capered and exulted when he tasted the good taste of food; he responded with

animal enthusiasm and acquiescence to the urgency of sex, of sleep, of playfulness, and possibly (in the view, at any rate, of Metchnikoff) to the summons of death. Two-Legs looked out upon the world pretty much as a fox or a hawk looks out upon it: not analytically and self-consciously, but simply with an alert responsiveness to all the animal impulses, from within and without, that constituted the instruction of his life.

Then (as folklore and science agreeingly continue the story of us) there happened to Two-Legs a peculiar thing. The animal-consciousness which he had shared with the other animals was visited by an extraordinary increment. The light of his mind was brightened to where suddenly he could see, in the flash of it, the existence of himself as a self. Henceforth it was open to him not merely to act, but to act in awareness of doing so. Henceforth he was to have not only knowing, but to know that he knew. It had become possible to Two-Legs, as to no raccoon or fox, to think the thought: "I am I." Two-Legs could

move now out of the realm of experiencing into the infinitely stranger and huger realm of realizing.

So much for the story. It does not really matter very much whether we say that there was breathed into Two-Legs a soul, which is the way the religious idiom puts it, or simply that the mind of Two-Legs took on an enormous enlargement and complication, which is the way a non-committal scientist may say it. The fact is there. Two-Legs, who had hitherto made his way in the world by the sharpness of his ears and the keenness of his scent and his general maintenance of animal fitness and skill, was now endowed with the unprecedented equipment of self-conscious rationality.

Opinions differ as to what success he has made with this glorious and perilous instrument. There are some blithe go-getters among us who think he has done wonderfully well. They are satisfied to point to the existence of a fountain-pen that can write under water, and to the fact that it is now possible to bounce a message against the face of the moon. Others, more somber-minded or theological, are disposed to think that man's first act of self-awareness was to become (exactly speaking) selfish; and they tend to think of all his subsequent acts, under that stain of self, as an impiousness and a vanity. There are also enormous numbers, expressing themselves in much of the thought of much of Asia, who view the whole adventure of rationality and self-

consciousness as so painful a catastrophe that they insist our wisest goal in life is to drug it and kill it and have done with it.

We need not here concern ourselves with whether old Two-Legs, that once fox-satisfied and chipmunk-contented animal, has been made better or worse since the fateful day when his mind took on, so to speak, the new quality of mirror. But there is one fact upon which a naturalist can remark without stirring argument. Whether Two-Legs has done well or ill since the light of humanness was lit in his furry skull, it is certainly the fact that, animally speaking, he has lost his senses.

Whether stock-brokerage is a noble occupation or a lamentable one, it is an engagement in which the practitioner does not find it necessary to smell the smell of an approaching fellow-financier at two hundred paces. A lawyer can extract his share of corporate wealth no less successfully for being unable to hear the squeak of his law-clerk's shoes a city block away. Preoccupied, since our discovery of our mind, with the feats that the mind can perform, we have been progressively losing our skill in the exercise of the faculties of the body.

Old Two-Legs, back in the morning of the world, was acutely alive with animal alertness and animal sensitivity. Other species of his brother-animals still are. There is an interest in looking, whether with only curiosity or with a certain nostalgia, into that vivid world of animal-senses

which was once our own world of experience. It is a world, as it must seem to us now, of nearly incredible prodigies.

II

Scientific research has in recent years established facts about the sensory powers of a great many kinds of animals. There have been studies made of the fantastically subtle heat-sensitivity of pit vipers, of the sense-skills used by birds in flight, and of many another kind of sensory acuteness.

Who has not watched with enchanted eyes the beautiful preciseness of a wheeling flock of pigeons, and their expertness in negotiating a landing on a narrow cornice? Scientific investigation has shown that at least a part of their lovely skill is due to their delicate visual sense of spatial relationships. The thing can indeed be put into exact figures. The widening or narrowing of an angle is detectable to a human observer only when it reaches a variation of about 50 seconds. After all, we are hardly called upon, in our world of office and ledger, to have a sharper awareness of the spatial qualities in our world. But in the wild world of a bird that awareness is far, far more keenly alive. A pigeon, by scientific tests, has been determined to have so nice a sense of visual judgment that it can discriminate lines subtending an angle of only 29 seconds.

It was scientists of the American Museum of Natural History who tested a few years ago the tempera-

ture-sense of pit vipers. Our human awareness of changing temperature is so dull and blunted a faculty that the thermometer must go up or down several degrees, at least, before we can detect that it is warmer or colder. The Museum scientists, taking advantage of the convenient fact that a snake will always strike at the warmer of two targets, presented their test-vipers with two lighted electric bulbs of differing temperatures at which to strike, and then gradually narrowed the temperature-disparity of the two bulbs. The snakes, they found, unerringly struck at whichever bulb was warmer even after the temperature-difference had been reduced to less than a fifth of a degree Centigrade.

We use the phrase "eagle-eyed" often enough; but we scarcely realize what a superbness of vision it in fact describes. Dr. E. H. Eaton, the ornithologist, had an adventure to make it evident. He observed an eagle soaring at tremendous height above a lake. Suddenly the eagle plunged diagonally downward, in an unswerving glide-dive for a floating fish which it seized and brought ashore. When the eagle made its catch it was so far away that the scientist could scarcely make out the fish in its talons even with the aid of powerful binoculars. A careful measurement revealed that the distance from where the eagle seized its prey to the spot over which it had been soaring when it first saw it was just about three miles.

Even back in the days of his animal best, of course, old Two-Legs may

scarcely have had the vision of an eagle or the sensitivity to temperature of a viperine snake. He is not bird or reptile, but a mammal. It is perhaps most striking to consider the sense-proficiency of one of his fellow-mammals . . . that commonest and closest of them all, and most easily experimented on, the dog.

Naturalists and animal psychologists have tested dog-senses thoroughly. What they have found affords a vivid evidence of how much Two-Legs may have lost, in the course of looking for mastery of the world by mind, of his original animal gift of experiencing it by sense.

What a man can hear at 175 yards, by straining his unaccustomed ear, a dog can hear easily at a distance of a full mile. In comparison with our dogs, we go earmuffed and deafened through the experience of life. Nor is it only with regard to the volume of sound that we are hard-of-hearing. Our ears are not merely weak receptors, animally speaking; they are undiscriminating among the sounds that do reach them.

In the early part of this century a scientist of the Berlin Physiological Laboratory (Dr. Kalischer) conducted a long and complex series of tests in the matter of tonal sense. He was able to find that dogs have an astonishing gift for accurately discerning the exact pitch of sounds. Not only can a dog distinguish between two adjacent notes on the piano. The canine gift of auditory discrimination is so beautifully precise that the dog can dis-

tinguish between two notes that are separated by one-quarter of the range that separates the two piano-notes.

As with the discrimination between sounds, so with the localization of them. The findings in this field were the work of another German dog-experimenter, Engelmann. Professor Engelmann tried ringing a little bell, first behind one of two paper screens, then behind the other. Gradually he brought the two screens closer and closer together. Long, long after the keenest human "localizer" had had to abandon the attempt to tell behind which screen the bell was being rung, Engelmann's dogs were still accurately selecting the screen from behind which the sound came. Engelmann was able to prove, as a matter of fact, that cats and even chickens have an auditory gift of "localizing" that is superior to ours.

Important though sight and hearing often are to animals, it is the sense of smell that is probably a mammal's most constantly employed means of knowing its universe and investigating it. Smell tells a fox that the hunter is near, before he can see him. Smell brings a wolf his meat. Smell says "weasel" to a rabbit, in the darkest midnight; and smell says "female" to every male animal from moth to moose. Old Two-Legs must once have had a pair of nostrils that could tell him all that. His dog still has.

Dr. F. J. J. Buytendijk of the University of Groningen, a few years ago, conducted a great many scientific tests of the olfactory sense in dogs.

The animals which he and his collaborators tested proved able not only to recognize the presence of nitrobenzol in a solution of one two-hundredth of one percent, but to have such marvelously selective noses that they could still recognize the presence of this microscopic trace of nitrobenzol when the solution was disguised with flower-scents, tar, cinnamon, and as many as five other powerful odors.

We live in a more elaborate world

of accomplishments, of course, than old Two-Legs originally inhabited. We have become a very marvel of intricate devisings. But it has cost us something. It has cost us, at the least, our senses. We are busier and cleverer, by far, than the best of the dogs that Dr. Buytendijk tested; but we are not as animally alive. That superb animal was able to detect the odor of iodoform in a solution of just one part in four million.

OLD MEN'S WARD

BY ELMA DEAN

Now we are civilized, the old men die
in white and formal anonymity;
Bed after bed, defeated all, they lie
and no familiar thing to touch or see;
wakened too early, tucked to sleep too soon,
and fed the smooth and tasteless infant diet;
their last days dribbled out by glass and spoon
in timed and dull and antiseptic quiet.

Weep for them — not for the old one found
dead with his clothes on in his dirty shack;
companioned only by the blue-tick hound
whose deep-bell baying could not call him back.
Spare him the pity — he departed whole,
spitting the dear brown weed, owning his soul.

THE BARTER THEATRE

BY GEORGE KENT

IN THE depression year 1933 Bob Porterfield was just another actor in New York without money or a job. He was packing to go home, to Abingdon, Virginia, when an idea hit him. He stopped packing and began talking.

In boarding houses and agents' offices Bob said to his actor friends: "Look, in Virginia farmers have plenty of food and no actors. Let's make a trade. We put on shows, they pay us hams, chickens, eggs and milk. We don't make any money, sure, but we have something to eat, a place to sleep, and we'll be acting what we want to act. Anything's better than starving to death here."

Broadway thought the idea was crazy. Only Jane Cowl was encouraging. One old actress shook her head sadly, "Actors in your Bible Belt country — *impossible!*" He tried to argue but she waved him aside, and then out of a drawer she dug a metal capsule, a trifle larger than a thimble. Inside was a tiny, inch-high statuette.

"This is Saint Rita," she said, "patron saint of the *impossible*. Carry it with you. And if by some chance you

succeed, pass it along to someone else who is attempting the impossible."

Not long afterward 22 young actors, 16 men and six women, decided — impossible or not — they were going to risk it. Some traveled by rattletrap jalopies; others hitchhiked. Bob rode on a train with a baggage car of old *Rose Marie* flats, wheedled from a road company.

Their assets comprised less than \$10 in cash — and Porterfield. He was tall, good-looking and persuasive. And he knew everyone in town. They set up borrowed cots in his father's barn. They ate slabs of home-cured ham. And the next day they went off to the family church — Sunken Springs Presbyterian — and settled in the back pews.

In Abingdon, nestling in the hills of southwest Virginia, astride the old Wilderness Road, people frowned on dancing and the stage. They stiffened visibly when these limbs of Satan came walking in.

When, however, the congregation arose to sing *Rock of Ages* a ringing bass boomed out the words from the back rows. They turned to look, and

GEORGE KENT recently received a medal for "distinguished achievement" in journalism from the University of Louisville. He was formerly a war correspondent in Europe. He visited the Barter Theatre in the course of a leisurely tour of the South and West.

there beside Porterfield stood a dash-ing figure — no hymnbook in hand — giving the old song a volume and resonance such as they had never heard.

A man who could sing like that, and without a book, must be a good man even if he was an actor. (Later the man told Bob he learned the hymn in the rôle of a dying convict.) The episode softened the community and did much to create a unique American institution — the Barter Theatre of Abingdon, Va., where you can buy your way into a play with a sack of vegetables.

Last year Barter was fourteen years old, and it did \$500,000 worth of business. In the summer it played to farm and straw-hat audiences in Abingdon and nearby towns; in the fall and winter it did one-night stands throughout Virginia and nearly all the other states. When traveling the Theatre accepts cash only. The dramas presented were good ones: Shakespeare and Shaw, and the pick of Broadway.

Today the Barter Theatre holds rank as an official theatre, having been granted, for two years running, a charter and a subsidy of \$10,000 from the Commonwealth of Virginia. It is America's only state theatre and operates on a strictly non-profit basis. Money earned above expenses gets plowed back.

II

On Monday work began in earnest. Putting on overalls, they folded up the beds, rolled back the old buggies

in the barn, and began scrubbing the paint from the *Rose Marie* sets. It took all day, and the soft-handed twenty-two were exhausted, but that evening they began on the lines of their first play, John Golden's *After Tomorrow*.

Bob talked the town council into giving him the use, rent free, of the century-old opera house — an auditorium seating 386. The church episode had been told and retold, and people began asking Bob how they could help. Bob told them what he needed to dress the stage. They lent him furniture, silver and china. Of their own accord they dug into old trunks and came up with valuable props, taffeta hoop skirts, and the sword and boots grandpa wore at Bull Run.

Tuesday the actors painted the new sets. Every once in a while these waifs off Broadway looked at each other and laughed. Faces were dirty, fingernails broken — but they were having a wonderful time.

They rehearsed in a cow pasture. They sewed costumes and they went to the printers and then on trees and in post offices for miles around nailed placards announcing the first performance. Six days after they arrived, the Barter Theatre opened for business, informing the public that the price of admission was 35 cents or its "equivalent in vittles or work."

The town barber showed up early and cut hair in return for a pair of tickets. It was the strangest box-office line. Everybody carried a sack or a

jar or an animal. "We got enough onions to keep us for a century," one of the players wrote home, "and lettuce and corn and chocolate cake and the biggest black rooster I ever saw. One man brought a small pig with a squeal loud enough to defeat any actor." The lobby looked like a corner of the A. & P. There were jars of preserves and pickles, sides of bacon, baskets of apples.

When the curtain rose every seat was filled and people were standing three deep. A baby cried during most of the first act. The audience, mostly in blue jeans and gingham, applauded in the wrong places. The town jail was underneath the stage and the drunks cat-called through cracks in the flooring. But the enthusiasm out front was unmistakable. This was a Thursday. They repeated the performance Friday and Saturday, and on Sunday began scrubbing the sets and learning lines for the next play.

Eighty per cent of the revenue was food and it went into the commissary. Abingdon saw nothing strange in the practice. For years it had traded butter for dental service, hams for blacksmithing. An old lady, whose home adjoined the golf links, brought five balls which had been "lost" in her garden. One man came up with a cow and asked how much milk for admission? Bob, who was at the desk, said about a gallon. Soon afterward the man came back with it. "How about your wife?" Bob asked. "Let her milk her own ticket," muttered the farmer.

A coffin maker offered to make Bob

a casket and ended by making him a walking stick. Some nights the audience was almost entirely youngsters who had raided jam closets or spent the day picking wild strawberries. Only one gate crasher appeared. A boy presented a bowl purporting to contain apple butter. It turned out to be mud.

This exchange of food for drama aroused interest throughout the country, and one night Fred Allen, the radio actor, asked Bob how he made change. "Suppose," he said, "I bring in a turkey worth four dollars. Do you give me ten pounds of string beans and a rabbit in change? Or does your cashier just chew off 35 cents worth of white meat?" He also wanted to know if the standard of success was the actors' gain in weight. By this standard the first season was decidedly a good one. The twenty-two refugees from Broadway had gained 305 pounds. As actors they were much the better for their experience. On hand was \$4.30 in cash and quantities of strawberry jam.

III

The following spring most of them showed up again. Others came too. There were 35 altogether. They settled into a routine, playing Abingdon the last three days of the week, outlying towns Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Daytimes they fixed scenery and rehearsed. Today's star had a walk-on part tomorrow, and the day after that he was pushing flats or taking tickets.

Most of the actors then — and since — were young hopefuls like Gregory Peck, Hume Cronyn, Jeffrey Lynn and Charles Korvin. A few among them were men who wanted to broaden their experience on the stage, like Gary Cooper and Conrad Nagel. None of the players was paid. Bob Porterfield got no more than the others. The rise of Barter was all that mattered to him, and beyond Barter he was already looking forward to other impossibles — as he had always done.

At the age of ten he had told his parents that he would be an actor. At sixteen his decision was confirmed when he won a state oratorical contest with a declamation on democracy. Three years at college were all he could endure and he headed for New York. His father gave him an ultimatum: Go back to college or come home. Bob continued to New York. His mother supplied the money.

For a career on the New York stage he was handicapped by a potent southern drawl, but after a while he got a one-line part in a play with "Skeets" Gallagher called *The Dagger and the Rose*. His line was: Have you seen Cellini? Bob rendered it: Have *you-all* seen Cellini? Gallagher collapsed laughing and the audience howled. He went on to do more important rôles and to direct and produce plays. While touring with Walter Hampden in *Cyrano* during the early depression years he was struck by the contrast between abundance on the farms and the hunger in the cities. Out of this

observation came the idea — and Barter.

The little pig which squealed so eloquently on Barter's opening night became the ancestress of a large family. Bob used their hams to pay for art. Playwrights like Maxwell Anderson, Noel Coward, Robert Sherwood accepted them in lieu of royalty, and were grateful, for they were very good hams. Only one objected: Bernard Shaw. He sent the ham back with a note, "Don't you know I am a vegetarian?" Bob apologized and sent two crates of broccoli and a barrel of apples.

In 1939 he set up the Barter Theatre Award which, for an outstanding performance by an American actor or actress, presented the winner with an "acre of land near Abingdon and a ham and a platter to eat it off of." The jury was made up of two doctors, two lawyers, two balcony sitters, two habitual first nighters. The award was presented at a dinner in New York. With it went the privilege of nominating two young actors for jobs with Barter.

The acre, a mountainside plot inaccessible by highway, was more or less a joke. The ham and platter were real enough. But what interested the winners, stars like Laurette Taylor, Ethel Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Talullah Bankhead, Louis Calhern, was the right to name candidates for this unique theatre. They took the job with great seriousness. Miss Barrymore, confronted with 700 applicants, said she would limit them to

one-minute auditions. When Bob protested, she said, "You'll know in that time if they have talent, or you'll think your watch has stopped."

After Pearl Harbor the actors scattered into the armed forces. Bob joined the air corps. Barter Theatre shut its doors. In 1945 he was doing a part in *The Yearling* when he ran into James Hilton. Hilton urged him to go back to Abingdon. "Here you'll be just another actor. Down there you'll be doing something for humanity." So Bob went back to open up again, early in 1946.

The old woman who runs the fish market asked him if he was going to give plays. "If you are I'm going right home to start up my garden," she said. "You're the only one who let me in to see the show with vittles." In the high school three girls bought chicks so that when the theatre opened they would have fowl enough for tickets.

IV

Bob called a meeting of Abingdon merchants. There was a lump in his throat when he learned how much they wanted him back. Three of them accompanied him to Richmond and helped him obtain the \$10,000 subsidy and the designation as Virginia's State Theatre.

The people who at first sniffed at Broadway coming to Virginia were now solidly behind him. The town council voted a special assessment of \$2 to raise half of the \$6000 needed to construct a scenery dock. A merchant

named J. C. Vann loaned the theatre his tobacco warehouse to use as a workshop. Out of the money he earned in *The Yearling* Bob bought one of the buildings of the defunct Stonewall Jackson College. Neighbors sent over beds and chairs and tables to furnish it, and at last the players had a permanent roof over their heads.

In the spring of 1946 the new Barter Theatre opened. This time traders represented a relatively small proportion of the revenue. Money was plentiful, thanks to the war. The state charter called for year-round performances, so Bob assembled 80 people, technicians as well as actors, and gave 35 of them a salary. Regardless of the part they played or the work they did, all received \$60 weekly, the minimum allowed by the actors' union, Equity. Today there are 62 on the payroll.

At seven o'clock each morning a man with a cow bell marches up and down the dormitory corridors, and a few minutes later the troupe is in the cafeteria, eating cereal and sausages. On the bulletin board, members of the company who have not been cast are ordered to report for "technical assignments." This can mean the costume department or the scenery workshop. Everything Barter now uses is built right there in Abingdon. When the shows go on, actors who are not working become ushers.

Last year the Barter Theatre played in almost 100 Virginia towns, some so small the people had never seen a movie. They played in churches, high-

school auditoriums and fraternal halls, on stages so large they were lost; on some so small they could not move without knocking things down. From many parts of the nation came praise. For their opening performance in 1946 of *Blythe Spirit* by Noel Coward, the *New York Times* sent a critic. Kate Smith heralded the event, and *We, the People* broadcast it. The Barter Theatre had arrived.

"What we are doing in Barter is only a beginning," says Bob. "In time I hope we will have a great many regional theatres, perhaps 48 state theatres. Thousands of young men and women come out of universities each year, trained for the theatre, but the theatre concentrated in a few square miles of New York has nothing for them to do. Ninety-two per cent of Equity's members are unemployed. State and regional theatres will give these young people a field for the exercise of their art and their

imagination." Four states are already interested: Washington, Minnesota, Maryland and West Virginia have sent delegations to study the Barter Theatre with a view to starting their own.

Bob Porterfield has succeeded beyond the expectations he had back in 1933. But he still keeps the figure of Saint Rita. He hasn't passed it on yet because his ideas keep growing and always they seem to be the impossible kind. He sees Barter as the nucleus of a university of the fine arts, an idea he had almost achieved when depression struck. In and around Abingdon are five small colleges. Their faculties have enthusiastically okayed his idea of a fine arts center to be located in Abingdon. For Bob, the creation of mature centers of culture in every state of the union, topped by a vital national theatre, will be a fulfillment. On that day he will pass on the image of Saint Rita.

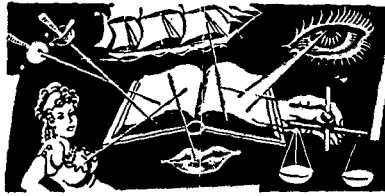
FRIEND

BY SISTER M. BERNETTA QUINN, O.S.F.

Some love the nightingale; you love
The thorny bush from which it sings —
And others love the music; you,
The silence whence it springs.

O some may laud the rainbow; you,
The dove-gray sky it spans —
And others praise the sun; you praise
The night's unstarred advance.

THE LIBRARY



THE INDIVIDUAL VS. THE STATE

by *BERTRAM D. WOLFE*

IF THE reader had picked himself a century to get born into, he could hardly have picked a more exciting one. If you have been a reader of this journal only from the days of Mencken to the present, it has been your fate to live through two world wars and to be in fear of a third, to have witnessed a startling revolution and counter-revolution in Russia, and others no less startling in Germany, Italy, Spain, China and lesser lands. You have been through three, perhaps four, worldwide depressions, watched the richest country in the world go into the most dizzying of all economic tailspins, and you are holding your breath at this moment while you wonder whether the war-begotten economic vacuum in Europe presages a new global hurricane.

The private individual (an extremely recent and precarious invention) is quite dwarfed and overwhelmed by the all-embracing character of total wars and totalitarian

governments, by the elephantiasis of the machine, the megalopolitan swelling of urban life, the nine to twelve zeros at the end of the statistics of gain and loss, taxation and expenditure, life and death.

Is the individual, then, a mere momentary caprice of history, soon to be dissolved in the new flood of gigantism and corporatism? Can freedom and democracy (two other late and precariously rooted sprouts) survive for long in a jungle world of further total wars? Will private possession, free enterprise, freedom of movement and occupation and freedom of organization continue to flourish under the twin spreading shadows of giant monopoly and state enterprise? How shall that anonymous hero of democracy, the sovereign voter, decide on the wisdom of the various items in a \$39 billion budget?

In the nineteenth century things were lively enough, but at least they happened with some regularity of pattern; the century had some time to come to terms with events and formulate their meaning into systems of theoretical generalization. But things in the twentieth century are

happening so fast and are so unprecedented in magnitude and nature that the explanations limp behind the speeding events and soon lose sight of them. Since our century has no theories to cope with historical novelty, we turn to the clashing creeds of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, anxiously reexamining them for new combinations of their elements and guides to a new orientation for a new time. In England, for example, they are trying to match pieces out of John Locke and John Stuart Mill with pieces out of Karl Marx, William Morris and Jesus the Carpenter, with results that are still uncertain but are bound to prove surprising and instructive. In Russia they are compounding bits of Marx and Lenin with generous portions of Nicholas I and Genghis Khan with results that have already proved terrifying. Here in America Henry Wallace is tinkering with leftovers from Billy Sunday, Tom Watson and Stalin, with results that are likely to prove inglorious and humiliating. In all lands there is a frantic taking of stock in the midst of a five-alarm fire, a reconsideration of the basic elements in the combinations: individual-society-state; liberty-equality; planning-security-freedom; private initiative-public enterprise; tradition-change or, if you prefer, evolution-revolution.

It is with this state of affairs in mind that Princeton's Professor of Politics, William Ebenstein, has got together an anthology of great state-

ments that have influenced political thinking in the West during the last four centuries. [*Man and the State*. Rinehart, \$6.50.]

II

Man and the State is a stout book of 781 oversized pages, crammed as full of good things as a Christmas plum pudding. Indeed, the baker has thrown in everything in sight, from fine citron, nuts and raisins, to raisin pits, nut shells, some sweepings from the floor and some cobwebs from the ceiling. Here the reader will find the forthright, unequivocal Locke and Jefferson and the sometimes weasel-worded Laski, on the right of rebellion (Laski reserves it for Englishmen and Americans and denies it to Poles, Yugoslavs and Russians); Rousseau, reminding us that to renounce liberty is to renounce freedom of choice and hence to remove all morality from men's acts; Lincoln, Laski, the Webbs and Tawney, on the need of equality as a soil in which liberty can truly flourish; Mill championing unlimited freedom of opinion, not merely for the sake of the minority or the lone dissenter, but more especially because the silencing of an opinion is the robbing of the majority of the constant challenge in which alone lies salvation; Hobbes, championing the absolute state lest mankind fall into an anarchy of a sort in which "the life of man is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short"; Machiavelli, on power as an end in itself and on force, fraud, prudence

and scheming as means to getting and holding it; Mosca, on bureaucracy and the inescapability under any system he can conceive of the existence of a ruling élite; Edmund Burke, on the dangers of revolution (the French, but not the American!) and on the values that are safeguarded under a system of government by the properties; warnings from pessimistic prophets that democracy contains within it the dangers of leveling down instead of leveling up; Hegel, on the divinity of the state in general and the Prussian monarchy in particular, and on the tonic values of war; Carlyle and Nietzsche and Mill and Laski and Lindsay and Mussolini and Hitler (but not Stalin) on the rôle of the leader. Socialism is represented by the Communist Manifesto (complete), by Lenin on the withering away of the state, Trotsky on how the United States cannot escape its Marxist destiny, Attlee, Webb, Tawney, Durbin, on democratic socialism in England; and finally a four-man debate between Hayek and Lippmann on one side and Wootton and Merriam on the other, concerning the possibility of preserving democracy under a system of planning.

This list of "great," and obviously not-so-great, statements could be further extended. But it is distressing to have to report that a number of other "great statements" have been crowded out because the author preferred to cover many subjects superficially rather than the basic ones fundamentally; because he has a

tendency to admire some second-rate minds and favor the journalistically topical name; and because his political thinking shows some notable blind spots.

As an example of haphazard organization, we might take the state papers he has included. There is a bit of the Declaration of Independence but nothing of the Bill of Rights or the Rights of Man. There are fragments of two Supreme Court Decisions: from Justice Holmes' dissent in the Abrams Case (on the uncurtailed right of free speech except where it leads to "imminent danger") and from Justice Van Orsdel's opinion on the unconstitutionality of the Minimum Wage Law ("Of the three fundamental principles for which government exists, the protection of life, liberty and property, the chief of these is property."). Much straw and useless stuffing could have been thrown out of this book in favor of the meaty stuff packed in other Supreme Court decisions, both conservative and liberal.

So, too, we have a single Presidential message, that of Franklin Roosevelt which contains the formula of the "Four Freedoms." Apparently it is there for its topicality, for, on re-reading, it does not stand up well at all: the "freedoms" are so obviously tacked on as a peroration to a simple war preparedness message, and serve only as painful reminders that their author at Moscow, Teheran and Yalta entered into peace agreements which increased the "want" and "fear" and

diminished or extinguished the "freedom of speech and expression" and the "freedom of worship" in a whole series of nations in Central and Eastern Europe and Asia. Besides, if Presidential papers are to be included, there are better ones from Roosevelt himself, or, such messages as Lincoln's Second Inaugural with its justly famous "malice towards none, charity for all" — which, in the day of the Great Purge takes on enormously new importance. Surely a book that begins with Jefferson's defense of the right of rebellion ("God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without one") should recognize that there is something infinitely precious in the American tradition which could end a great civil war with Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee dying natural deaths in their beds.

III

Professor Ebenstein is reputed to be an authority on totalitarianism; he has published three books on fascism and Nazism. Indeed, totalitarianism would seem to be the central problem and theme of a book which, in the middle of the twentieth century, is entitled *Man and the State*. But, strange to relate, there is no analysis of totalitarianism, no definition of it, no attempt to distinguish between its various manifestations or even to distinguish it clearly from democracy. To be sure, there is a good deal on fascism and Nazism, but neither Professor Ebenstein nor the men he has selected offer us any clear concep-

tion of either. The excerpts from Hitler and Mussolini are so fragmentary that the reader cannot derive a decent definition from them, and the confusion is increased by giving space (and approval) to Henry Wallace's "Fascism: The American Brand" in which he writes:

If we define an American Fascist as one who in case of conflict puts money and power ahead of human beings, then there are undoubtedly several million fascists in the United States. There are probably several hundred thousand if we narrow the definition to include only those who in their search for money and power are ruthless and deceitful.

On this we can only say that if we are to use "fascist" merely as an epithet for whatever we happen not to like, and "if we define" a fascist in such woolly language that he is indistinguishable from every petty grafter, every ruthless fortune hunter and every unscrupulous politician, we soften up the minds of our people so that they can neither think about the main problem of our day nor be able to recognize fascism and Nazism (or the Communist variety of totalitarianism, for that matter) when they really threaten us. We could have done with less of Henry Wallace and more of Mussolini and Hitler. In fact, we search these 770-odd pages in vain for any clear hint of the connection between fascism and totalitarianism, between fascism and total war, between fascism and the one-party system, the seizure of power and the purge of opponents. And we search in vain for any suggestion of

the essential core of fascism and Nazism: that they are varieties of *totalitarianism*.

The core of totalitarianism lies in the identification of society with the state. In a totalitarian setup, all the possible aims and purposes of society, or any part of it, are identified with the aims and purposes of the state and taken entirely, without a residual remainder, under state control, regulation and direction. The total state denies autonomous existence, autonomous aims and autonomous activities, to all non-state organizations; it denies autonomy of action, feeling, thought or conscience to the individual. Where unions, parties, churches, clubs, lodges, discussion groups and schools exist, they must either be absorbed ("coordinated") or crushed by the state. When they have been coordinated, they cease to be organs of their members and become so many additional organs of the state. Hence the thing called a "party" is no longer a party and the thing called a "union" is no longer a union. Indeed, contrary to the general impression, the total state is not really a one-party state; it is a no-party or non-party state. For party implies part, or faction: an autonomous organization of autonomous individuals formed to influence the state or gain control of its activities, not an organization of the state to control social life. Where there is only one "party" all party life ceases, just as, if there were only one "sex," all sex life would cease.

Thus, the primary task of this book should have been to differentiate clearly between democracy and totalitarianism; and a subordinate, but no less important task, to discriminate clearly between the differing varieties of would-be total states: the Nazi, the fascist, the Stalinist, the military-clerical (Franco), etc.

Man and the State could only have performed its function well if it had been conceived not in the bipolar terms of its title, but in triangular terms: Society, the State and the Individual. For man is a social animal with a whole congeries of social organizations, of which the state is but one (albeit a growingly powerful one), each contrived to serve some part of society's purposes.

IV

Once this is made clear, many of the other deficiencies of selection and interpretation in the book fall into a perceptible pattern.

Let us take, for example, the section on "Revolutionary Marxism." In it we meet Marx only as an advocate of violent revolution; we do not meet the Marx who suggested that in democratic countries like England, Holland, Belgium and America, the transition to socialism (the "revolution") might take place peacefully; we meet Marx the statist and centralist, but the ultra-statist, Lenin, appears only in a piece on "the withering away of the state." This strange formula is only explicable if we know that Marx began as an authoritarian.

centralist and later, after studying Morgan's theoretical work and the practical experiences of the Paris Commune, became anti-centralist and anti-statist, while Lenin switched from the later Marx to the earlier as soon as he took power in Russia. "So far," writes Ebenstein, in a masterpiece of understatement, "the Communist state has shown little proclivity to wither away." And then, as a casual afterthought: "Stalin, following Lenin, has refused to hint at the probable time when the state will begin to wither." This is simply untrue on both counts. Lenin did predict that the State would *begin* to wither at once upon his party's taking power. Stalin, on the other hand, has boasted of his "correction" of Lenin, his "discovery" that, far from withering, the state must continue to grow more powerful until a "definite" time: the time when the Soviet Union system has absorbed the entire world, or at least its principal countries. One looks in vain for this crucial Stalinist statement of the early thirties. One looks in vain for any statement from Stalin. Nay more, one looks in vain for any statement on Stalinism, or even for Stalin's very name in the index. In a book which finds room, and rightly so, for Hitler and Mussolini, for Franklin Roosevelt and Attlee, and even for Henry Wallace, there is not a line from the most powerful man in the world today.

If one examines carefully the political writing of Harold Laski, one notes

that all of Laski's shamefaced and casual apologetics for Stalinism spring from two deficiencies: one is Laski's own penchant for identifying society and the state, and the other is a species of racial or national "double standard." Democracy, the right of rebellion, resistance to authority, individual conscience — these are part of the English and American and West European heritage, but not allowable to lesser breeds without the law. If Petkov, Maniu, Mihailovich or Mikolajczyk, seek to preserve the beginnings of democratic process or exercise these rights, Laski dismisses the phenomenon in lofty words about "resistance to social progress" or "resistance to revolutionary change."

Ebenstein, who would seem to be a sort of disciple of Laski's, lacks the latter's subtlety and ability to think, hence in his essays the same ailments appear in a crass and aggravated form. Ebenstein, unconsciously agreeing with Hitler, finds Nazism natural to the German people, a sort of national or racial or permanent-historical characteristic. When Hayek writes that there can be no planning without the disappearance of freedom, Ebenstein sets him down pityingly as a German thinker and declares: "If America and Britain had Germany's political background, Hayek's case would be incontrovertible." One would think that a man who purports to gather "great statements of the last four centuries" would be able to see back to the first half of the nineteenth, when Germany was a collection of

petty states, and not generalize all German history as the history of Germany after 1870. Or perhaps he might look back to the time, not much earlier, when France was the chief military power of Central Europe, and the initiator of so many wars to control countries and dynasties, the initiator indeed of the politics of *la gloire*, of Bonapartism, pseudo-plebiscites, and other precursor features of modern totalitarianism.

"The Germans were convinced enough by Hitler's *Mein Kampf*," writes Professor Ebenstein, "to put their fate into the hands of Adolf Hitler." The exiles who fled rather than accept Hitler, the victims of the concentration camps, the members of the outlawed parties and unions, the unheroic majority (are not the unheroic likely to be a majority in any land when faced by a police state?) who bowed in silence but did not yield their souls, all cry out against Ebenstein's assertion. And from the pages of his own anthology, D. W. Brogan, writing during the fever of England's war with Germany, answers the anthologist: "On which side stood the spirit of Leibniz or of Lessing, of Schiller or of Goethe?"

Hobbes, theoretician of British absolutism and father of the phrase "leviathan state," and Carlyle, the hero-worshipper, are promptly aligned with the Germans, as if there had

never been an English absolutism or a nineteenth-century British cult of hero-worship and imperial destiny. Even Mussolini, being un-German, is said to possess a "political faith which remained within the orbit of Western traditions; Mussolini's ideas may be wrong, but they were firmly based on political philosophies of a long European heritage." What wonder then that Ebenstein, following Laski, is untroubled if in Eastern Europe a Constituent Assembly is dispersed by force of arms, the leaders of the Balkan democratic parties murdered or jailed and the tender shoots of nascent democracy trampled upon?

But I do not wish to close this review without reminding the reader that there are many worthwhile things in this book. Locke and Mill and Rousseau and Laski, Machiavelli and Mosca and Hitler and Mussolini, Attlee and Lenin and Marx and Veblen, Kant (another un-Ebensteinian German) and Professor Ebenstein himself, all have important insights to contribute to the great debate that is likely to absorb the whole second half of our century. But on the focal questions of the nature of totalitarianism, the relations of society to the state, and the problems of averting World War III, the reader will have to chart his own course. For the signposts Professor Ebenstein has put up point in the wrong direction.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 261)

opponent of racial prejudice, but he is severely critical of some of the people on his side. He devotes a good deal of space to proving that the persecuted minorities are themselves persecutors when they get the chance, that the Anglo-Saxon white Protestants are not the only bigots in this country. He also has some unkind words for the sociologists who have attempted to prove that racial differences are insignificant or even (as some have held) that the whole concept of "race" is illogical. Dr. Fairchild believes the Jews are neither a race nor a religion, but a nation, and he is therefore pretty much on the side of the Zionists. He makes out a convincing case for his assertion that the immigration problem has nothing to do with race.

HISTORY

THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE, by Henry Bamford Parkes. \$3.50. *Knopf*. Mr. Parkes, who is associate professor of history in New York University, here attempts "an interpretation of the history and civilization of the American people." He is a native of England (he came to this country at the age of 23), and unfortunately reveals a good deal of the traditional English condescension toward this country, not to speak of a vast amount of ignorance and confused knowledge about our history and philosophy. He thinks that Americans have "exalted the drive of the individual will toward wealth and power: they have adopted a morality of personal (and largely material) success; and . . . they have exalted activity above contemplation and material accumulation above aesthetic, intellectual and spiritual development." One had hoped that this sort of stupidity, intellectual callowness, and spiritual snobbishness had become rare, especially in a metropolitan institution of higher learning such as New York University.

BERRY AND LINCOLN, by Zarel C. Spears and Robert S. Barton. \$3.75. *Stratford House*. In 1832 Lincoln and William F. Berry opened a general store together in New Salem, but before

long the partners failed in their venture. Most, including many of the most "authoritative" biographers of Lincoln, have written that Berry was a good deal of a drunkard and a wastrel, and that Lincoln himself paid off the heavy debts of the partnership. Messrs. Spears and Barton claim that this bit of "history" is a fake from beginning to end. With a mass of documents that seem to prove their contention completely, they say, "William F. Berry is the most maligned man in the whole Lincoln saga. He did not die a drunkard's miserable death. He did not die a bankrupt. He did not leave one single debt of his own, or of the partnership, or of any other manner of his incurring, for Lincoln to pay." Obviously a major contribution to Lincolniana.

THE RISE OF THE SPANISH EMPIRE, by Salvador de Madariaga. \$5.00. *Macmillan*. Sr. Madariaga's latest effort will come as a bit of a surprise to those who remember him as one of Spain's best liberal historians. He has set out here to justify completely the policies of the Spanish *conquistadores* in America, to whitewash their exterminations of whole peoples, their branding and enslaving of the natives and their destruction of native culture. The cruelties and follies of the Spaniards are glossed over with the argument that their rule created a colorful, even beautiful, new civilization. Even the Inquisition is justified on these esthetic grounds: it was, he says, "a part of that strange and wonderful life of the Indies, one of the rare periods of History which have succeeded in creating that elusive virtue — a style."

BIOGRAPHY

ALBERT SCHWEITZER, *The Man and His Mind*, by George Seaver. \$3.75. *Harper*. Mr. Seaver has spent some twenty years studying the works and the personality of Dr. Schweitzer, whom he calls "probably the most gifted genius of our age, as well as its most prophetic thinker." In this volume he has written what is probably the most complete study of the man — as a

human being, as a theologian, as a physician, as a missionary, as an organist, as a musicologist and as a metaphysician. The book is addressed chiefly to academicians, who will doubtless find it of the first importance. Mr. Seaver's analyses of Schweitzer's theological studies are somewhat more enlightening than his analyses of Schweitzer's musical studies, but this remark is more an expression of preference than a criticism. The present book is an admirable companion to *Albert Schweitzer, An Anthology*, edited by Charles R. Joy, and noticed in the February "Check List" of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

DOCTOR FREUD, *An Analysis and a Warning*, by Emil Ludwig. \$3.00. *Hellman, Williams*. By the time Dr. Ludwig is finished with "analyzing" Freud there is very little left of the celebrated Viennese physician. Freud, it seems, "knew neither women nor love. He knew neither the arts of civilization, nor the natural train of tenderness among savages." He "lacked the quality of surrender," whatever that may mean. He "was a stranger to Nature . . . had no feeling for scenic beauty . . . was a man without any humor. . . . With the obstinacy of the materialist he denied everything imponderable. . . . To love most of all was Freud a stranger." As for proof of the last "accusation," Dr. Ludwig merely says, "Even his worst enemies have never accused him of plucking easy fruit from the erotically-aroused women he encountered daily." Finally, Freud was "a stranger to children." And about all he left the world was a load of "wholly unnecessary headaches." As a compound of quackery and unconscious humor this book should receive some sort of prize.

MISCELLANEOUS

FRONTIERS OF JAZZ, edited by Ralph de Toledano. \$3.00. *Oliver Durrell*. Mr. de Toledano has here brought together fifteen outstanding essays on the art of jazz written in this country during the past fifteen years. The essays deal not only with the philosophy of jazz as an art form, but also with some of the important personalities in the field, including Bunk Johnson, Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman. Altogether, a

valuable one-volume encyclopedia on the subject. There is a foreword by Milton Gabler of the Commodore Record Shop in New York.

TWO CAME TO TOWN, by Simeon Strunsky. \$3.00. *Dutton*. This gentle and altogether delightful little whimsy by the author of the New York Times' "Topics of the Times" column combines the several attributes of an excursion into political philosophy, a good-natured spoof at some of our outstanding national absurdities, a Cook's tour of New York City and a testament of faith in the American brand of democracy. Two visitors from the mythical land of Hyperia, a "Mr. Thomas" and a "Mr. Alexander" (who are reincarnations of Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, respectively), do the rounds of New York and the rest of the country in the company of a taxi driver and a newspaper editor, engaging the while in a running debate on the respective merits of rural versus urban life, the common people versus the select few, decentralization versus centralization in government, and freedom versus order. They finally agree that both are right and both wrong, that liberty need not end in anarchy nor order in tyranny; and that America has grown great and can grow greater yet by continuing to follow the middle course.

EAGLE AT MY EYES, by Norman Katkov. \$2.75. *Doubleday*. Mr. Katkov, who is a New York newspaperman, here attempts to reveal the massive emotional barriers that stand in the way of a happy marriage between a Jew and a Christian, especially when the Jew is a young man with a vacillating character, who carries within him the memories of an orthodox home. The novel is written in the first person and contains some effective sketches, particularly of Joe's father and, a bit less so, of his mother. Mary, with whom Joe is passionately in love, makes little fictional sense, and her family makes even less sense. Joe occasionally comes to life, but Mr. Katkov is so lacking in literary skill that one wearies of his central character long before the end of this slim book. Mr. Katkov's attempt, however, despite its over-all failure, is written with sincerity and is far more real than some novels about anti-Semitism that have achieved best-sellerdom.

THE OPEN FORUM



THE MYSTERIOUS FLYING FISH

SIR: In THE AMERICAN MERCURY for October [see "The Skeptics' Corner"], Bergen Evans writes about "rain of fish" and "arctic pluvial fish." Reference is made to Otto Geist's explanation of the "arctic pluvial fish" and his explanation is discarded in favor of what is termed the orthodox one. From Mr. Evans' writing it is evident that he is not aware of the circumstances surrounding the so-called "arctic pluvial fish" described by Mr. Geist.

Actually, there is nothing very mysterious about the fish that Mr. Geist discussed in his original article that appeared in the *American Weekly*. . . . Briefly, the basis for the rain of fish story on St. Lawrence Island, Alaska, is as follows: Rather frequently a large number of fish are frozen in the ice along the north shore of St. Lawrence Island. Mr. Geist has witnessed the fish in the ice twice, and the Eskimo look forward to this food supply. Strong winds break up the shore ice containing the fish and pile it up into ridges sometimes 40 to 60 feet high. The breaking up of the ice exposes some of the fish and the Eskimo chop out sacks full of them. Occasionally fish on top of the ice ridge come loose, and if an exceptionally strong wind arises, as it often does in this region, some of the loose fish may be blown inland a few hundred feet. Obviously these frozen fish blown inland have no connection with the rains of fishes which are said to be caused by water spouts and whirlwinds.

Because of a close association with Mr. Geist, I am rather well acquainted with the frozen fish story on St. Lawrence Island.

If I have not made myself clear I shall be glad to answer any questions you may have on the matter.

ADOLPH MURIE

Fairbanks, Alaska

SIR: Had Mr. Murie read to the end of the item to which he alludes he never would have said that I had discarded Mr. Geist's explanation "in favor of what is termed the orthodox one." I just discarded it. The orthodox one has no favor with me.

I myself have dropped small fish weighing less than an ounce from a height of fifty feet in what the weather bureau said was a forty-mile gale and none that I observed was driven more than a few feet from the true vertical. I just don't believe that many ten-pound fish go whirling through the arctic skies or that — as a *Coronet* article averred — delighted Eskimos catch them. A clout with a frozen ten-pound fish would dull the keenest delight. And how do ocean-dwelling fish get frozen in the ice in the first place? S. J. Meyer says it's all due to their getting trapped between the freezing surface ice and the snow which falls on the surface of the ocean and then settles to the bottom in a "mush." Really, gentlemen, really!

BERGEN EVANS

Evanston, Ill.

THE ARAB LEADERS AND THE MASSES

SIR: The article "This is the Arab," by Ted Berkman, in THE AMERICAN MERCURY of November 1947, wherein a good deal is made of the fact that the brilliantly-educated, capable representatives of the Arab states in the UN are not typical of their people, brings to mind a striking and very popular fallacy. I refer to the myth that leaders and prominent men of any nation . . . ever are (or should be) representative in their personal characteristics of the majority of their people.

True, there is a contrast between the Western-

ized, smooth-spoken defender of the human rights of the Arab in the UN, and the *fellah* at home, who no doubt is ignorant and down-trodden. But is the contrast less obvious in any country one would care to name? Is Soviet Russia represented abroad by one of her illiterate, work-worn peasants? Are Great Britain's foreign affairs conducted by some unschooled factory worker from Lancaster. And in our own United States, are our national leaders and representatives in the UN selected from the ranks of the unthinking man on the street? . . .

HYPATIA E. O. YCAS

Washington, D. C.

CANCELLATION

SIR: Please cancel our subscription to your magazine at once. We have noted a steady deterioration in content of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* and of late you have permitted discussions on sex by unqualified and untutored minds which can be productive of no good. Of course, we know your answer, that it is the American way to hear everybody's opinion, but that's just the trouble with the world — that opinions of libertines replace ethical norms by which alone the world can be saved from moral decay.

Moreover, we do not like your insults heaped on General Franco. [See "Franco's Spain," by Melanie L. Pflaum, in the January *AMERICAN MERCURY*.] I studied with Spaniards and I could supply you with a long list of priests and religious people who were brutally murdered by the so-called Spanish Republicans. Where would Europe be now if Franco had not saved Spain from Bolshevism?

Why do you play into the hands of the butchers of the Kremlin who are causing our government enough headaches? We are too American and too Christian to go along with you.

REV. SEVERIN LAMPING

Cincinnati, O.

BUTTER VS. MARGARINE: THIRD ROUND

SIR: As most of your readers prefer butter to oleomargarine, may I have a few lines of space to answer Hubert A. Kenny's comment [in the January "Open Forum"] on my criticism of his article "Butter Vs. Margarine," which originally appeared in your August 1947 issue?

As to taste, he says that "texture and other characteristics of margarine are so similar to butter that even professional butter scorers have been fooled." This is nonsense. While the taste of

margarine can be so rigged in special tests to approximate that of butter, the difference between the taste of standard brands of margarine sold to the public in commercial stores and that of a first grade of butter is so marked and obvious that millions would no more think of buying margarine than they would of buying *ersatz* tobacco. Why pretend otherwise?

Second, much of the margarine sold is plain margarine with no Vitamin A content at all.

Furthermore, even fortified margarine has only 9000 units of Vitamin A (according to the Department of Agriculture), not 15,000. Compare this with butter's 15-20,000.

Finally, Kenny is disturbed because a contributor to the *MERCURY* like myself advocates an "insidious and underhanded method" of taxation of an industry, such as the tax applied to margarine. If this description is accurate, then we also have an "insidious and underhanded method" of taxing whisky and other intoxicating spirits, the benefits of which are certainly recognized by many.

There will always be people who want *ersatz* goods. But wherever you find people who love good, zestful, tasty foods, you will never find margarine-lovers. And if Mr. Kenny really prefers 9000 to 15,000 units of Vitamin A, he can have them!

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER

Washington, D. C.

SIR: After finishing Mr. Fraser's letter on the merits of butter as opposed to margarine in the January "Open Forum," I came to the conclusion that anyone who could possibly write such a letter would also be impervious to any brickbats that might come his way. So, no brickbats. But I did notice what I thought was an interesting coincidence. Mr. Fraser speaks of the "rich, clean, sweet taste of pure butter." On page 52 of the same issue which carries Mr. Fraser's letter, Louise Cross says [in "What Is Known about Undulant Fever"]: "The greatest source of infection is raw milk or cream from infected cows, or butter, cheese or ice cream made from this milk or cream. Here again the germs are astonishingly persistent." I doubt very much whether anyone ever got undulant fever from margarine!

Incidentally, it strikes me as rather strange that butter-makers are permitted to use artificial coloring and yet are not required to so state on the package.

FLETCHER BENNETT

Stevens Point, Wis.

SIR: This is in re the current debate on the subject of butter vs. margarine. I've read Mr. Kenny's pungent article in the August *MERCURY*, and the two letters in the January issue. I'm siding with Mr. Kenny.

I believe I know whereof I speak. For a number of years now I've been a housewife, but also was for many years a social worker, and for an interval of two years ran a small boarding house. And I'm speaking for the everyday consumer.

I've been using margarine for several years. When the price of butter was 40 cents a pound or less I used it on my table. When it went above 40 cents I used half butter and half margarine mixed. The ration points made a difference of course. But when butter went over 50 cents I used butter no more. From May 1946 until September 30, 1947 I used margarine myself and served it to my boarders, not a cent's worth of butter.

Early in October 1947 I was married again. My present husband wanted butter, and butter it was for a short while. But the price had risen to 95 cents a pound, and the quality was second-rate also. The butter tasted flat, and once was just plain rancid, this latter from a nationally known butter maker. Then I started with margarine again, and we are now using it. Also I might say the latter is 45 cents a pound here.

To my notion it is up to the dairy interests to use a more positive approach if they wish us consumers to eat more butter. (1) Butter must be made available to us common people at a much lower price than now. (2) It must taste better than it does now. (3) It must state on the package whether or not it is artificially colored. (4) If margarine must state that it contains 15,000 USP units, why shouldn't each pound of butter be required to state the number of units it contains also?

Margarine just isn't phony, Mr. Fraser. We don't pretend it is butter, and its makers don't either. And we don't want any more taxes on it. I agree with Mr. Kenny in what he says on that subject.

MRS. FRANK MILLER

Richmond, Cal.

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS

SIR: In the "Open Forum" of THE AMERICAN *MERCURY* for January, Mr. E. G. Gallagher doubts the wisdom of printing uninformed opinion of any type on the Protestant-Catholic issue, and also the wisdom of printing "informed"

opinion from either side without a complementing "informed-reply tacked on to it in the same issue."

One can almost always, he writes, "answer a lifted-quote with another lifted-quote, given time to dig for one."

Here are a few "lifted-quotes" setting forth what may be regarded as "informed" opinion. Mr. Gallagher may have as much time as he desires to find replies satisfactory to believers in American principles.

Pope Gregory XVI, in his encyclical *Mirari Vós*:

"From this polluted fountain of indifferentism flows that absurd and erroneous doctrine or rather raving (*deliramentum*) which claims and defends liberty of conscience for everyone. From this comes, in a word, the worst plague of all, namely, unrestrained liberty of opinion and freedom of speech."

The same Pope, in a Bull of 1844, anathematized all who believe in the liberty of the press, all who assert the liberty of conscience and religion, all advocates of freedom of speech, all who believe in any method of religion not supervised by the church, all who assert that a religion other than the Roman Catholic may be established or permitted in a state.

Pope Leo XIII, in his encyclical *Libertas Præsentissimum*:

"From what has been said it follows that it is in no way lawful to demand, to defend, or to grant, unconditional freedom of thought, of speech, of writing, or of religion, as if they were so many rights that nature has given to man."

The same Pope, in his encyclical *Immortale Dei*, excoriated democracy because it means that sovereignty resides in the people, so that "a state becomes nothing but a multitude which is its own master and ruler."

In the same encyclical, Leo XIII also declared: "Whatever the Roman pontiffs have handed down or will later hand down is to be held with unwavering belief and publicly professed as often as circumstances warrant."

Pius VI denounced the "monstrous right" of liberty of conscience, thought and speech established by the Constituent Assembly of the French Revolution.

The Syllabus of Errors of Pius IX condemned every basic principle upon which free nations exist, but the above are, it would seem, enough "informed lifted-quotes" to keep Mr. Gallagher busy for some time.

S. MILES BOUTON

Ashville, N. Y.

THE LITERARY BAZAAR

**FIRST EDITIONS • RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS • LITERARY SERVICES**

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT

Stories, Articles, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on "Best Seller Lists" and in national periodicals. Highly recommended aid for sale and publication of fiction, non-fiction, manuscripts. Unknown authors assisted. Write for information, 31-35 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE. Literary Agent, established 25 years. Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE Dept. M, Franklin, Ohio

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS

Station O, Box 22 New York 11, N. Y.

GENERAL

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News, illustrated feature articles on coins and medals. Sample copy 25¢. American Numismatic Association, P.O. Box 577, Wichita, Kansas.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

LANGUAGE COURSES ... learn by listening ... brand new CORTINA ACADEMY COURSES at bargain prices. One French Course, one Spanish Course, \$30 each. Send order and remittance to Box 348, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its large and active market. Announce your first editions, rarities, literary services, stamps, prints and coins in this section. A half-inch advertisement costs only \$9.00. Write Dept. LB-3, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ART TEACHERS

SIR: Mr. Steigman, in his article ["Big Business and the Arts" in the October MERCURY] states that "the official requirements for certification of teachers to specialize in music or art in some of our states (Missouri, New Mexico, South Dakota and others) called for as little as two semester hours of college work in those subjects." Mr. Steigman apparently is misinformed or does not know where to find the facts. In this state, Missouri, teachers of art or music in the secondary school must have 24 hours in the subject. Part-time teachers are the exception, but they must have at least 15 hours. Mr. Steigman probably referred to the requirement for certification to teach in the elementary school in Missouri, where all teachers must have at least two hours in each, music and fine arts, but in the elementary schools teachers are not specialists.

I believe if Mr. Steigman would make further inquiry of other institutions in other states, he would discover that teachers of the fine arts must be prepared in almost every instance as fully as teachers of academic studies.

WILLIS H. REALS

Dean, Washington University

Saint Louis, Mo.

SIR: Dean Reals is quite right in saying that I referred to the elementary schools. I believe my meaning, as stated, is clear: teachers of music and art (in Missouri and in a number of other states) are required to have "as little as two semester hours of these subjects for certification." I should not have implied that there actually are any specialists in these fields.

My statistics are drawn from the tabulated *Requirements for Certification of Teachers and Administrators* (tenth edition, 1945-46), published by the University of Chicago Press.

BENJAMIN M. STEIGMAN

New York City

MORE ON THE DOUBLE STANDARD

SIR: In the October MERCURY I chanced upon Waverley Root's treatise, "Sex and the Double Standard." Although Mr. Root's thesis, that men ought to philander a little for the good of the home, appeals to my lustful instincts, I'm afraid I must deplore his unscientific attitude; in particular his implicit use of the argument *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*.

He observes that a wife's extra-marital indiscretions lead to a much higher number of di-

voices than do those of the more favored sex, and abstracts therefrom a defense of the double standard. It would seem to me that Mr. Root has transposed cause and effect.

Women may have what are rather extravagantly called "higher" moral principles than man, but they are certainly disposed to a more lenient view of their spouses' transgressions than the self-described "tolerant" sex can claim. I submit that the double standard is the cause of the divorces that Mr. Root would have it prevent.

A woman, in taking back an erring man, earns the approbations of the community and the sympathy of her sisters. A man earns only the appellation "cuckold" and the everlasting suspicion of being soft in the head.

If we don't stop this hypocritical double standard; if we don't start admitting that a woman has equal rights to the pursuit of happiness, it would serve us right if the girls took us up on it and *did* stick to one man. *Then* where the hell would we be?

HOWARD DOUGLAS

Portland, Ore.

MISSOURI'S STRANGE NAMES

SIR: In one of the recent issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY there was an item concerning towns with strange names. [See "The Soap Box" for October 1947.] Please note the bit of verse below containing the names of eleven small towns in Missouri which have unusual names. All of these towns can be found on a road map of Missouri.

When the sun sets at *Dawn*
Romance buds in a *Peculiar* way;
 The *Belle* of *Blue Eye*, stifling a yawn,
 Again thinks that she *May*
 Be *Clever* and *Boss* the *Kidder* around
 When she is at *Liberty* to seek *Aid*.

Can any of the other states match that?

ROBERT C. BARNETT

Jefferson City, Mo.

TESTIMONIAL

SIR: Many readers write you about the presentations you publish, but I wish to say that I do not feel that I can be too extravagant in my praise of your section called "The Soap Box," primarily because of your generosity in making available this space for a cross-section of various comments which are timely and indeed interesting. . . .

ROBLEY STEVENS

Baltimore, Md.



CAPTIVATING . . . These Mercury Mysteries

Recommended reading for judges . . . off the bench . . . and for all other readers of top-notch mysteries. A new reprint, usually abridged for maximum reading pleasure, on the 1st of every month.

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND **25¢**
Mercury
 MEANS "TOPS" IN
Mystery

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, INC.
 570 Lexington Avenue
 New York 22, N. Y.

Send me your *Mercury Mystery* each month for one year — twelve books. I enclose \$3.00.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY NO. STATE

AM-48



Contributed by
THE AMERICAN MERCURY, INC.

Publishers of: THE AMERICAN MERCURY • BESTSELLER MYSTERIES
MERCURY MYSTERIES • ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

SPECIAL RATE for American Mercury Readers—

Ellery Queen, whose books, moving pictures and radio dramas have made him America's outstanding mystery author and editor, edits this magazine himself. Each month he brings you the best stories (both new and old) of leading detective-story writers, as well as the little-known crime classics by the literary great in other fields—a total of ten or more, often including a complete novelette! These are just a few of the noted authors whose stories have appeared recently:

DASHIELL HAMMETT
SOMERSET MAUGHAM
JAMES HILTON
ROY VICKERS
JAMES M. CAIN
AGATHA CHRISTIE
DOROTHY L. SAYERS
PHILIP WYLIE
CORNELL WOOLRICH

CHARLES DICKENS
BEN AMES WILLIAMS
J. B. PRIESTLEY
LOUIS BROMFIELD
ERNEST HEMINGWAY
WILLIAM FAULKNER
JOHN DICKSON CARR
STEPHEN VINCENT BENET
ARNOLD BENNETT

No wonder everyone who enjoys good reading—mystery fan or not—finds pleasure in EQMM.

IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES

Among the 21 first-rate stories in the next two issues are:

Death Rides a Boxcar
(A Complete Novelette).....ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
The Dog in the Orchard.....MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
The Five of Swords.....GILBERT K. CHESTERTON
The Bad Luck Murders.....CRAIG RICE
The Mystery of the 7 Suicides.....T. S. STRIBLING
Black Max.....OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Pieces of Silver.....BRETT HALLIDAY
Justice Has No Number.....ALFREDO SEGRE
(\$3,000 prize winner in EQMM's Contest)

8
MONTHS



ONLY
\$2

REGULAR PRICE — 35¢ PER COPY

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, critic and author. "ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE has both the good wry bread of the run-of-the-guillotine crime tales and ALSO what a gift Queen has for rummaging out the honeys—those rare oddities that are vintage and not varicose. In short E.Q. has I.Q."



CARL VAN DOREN, well-known editor, author and literary critic. "I have never yet been disappointed by an issue of ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE and I have never read an issue that did not have at least one story that was worth the price of a year's subscription."



Among the many other notables who are regular readers and boosters of EQMM: Raymond Swing, Ilka Chase, Mark Van Doren, James Hilton, James Melton, Elsa Maxwell, Joseph Wood Krutch, James M. Cain and many others.

CLIP AND

MAIL THIS

CARD NOW

SEND

NO MONEY

NO POSTAGE

NEEDED

ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

570 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

☐ Please send me the next 8 big, exciting issues of ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE at the special price of \$2 (regular price is 35¢ per copy).

Check one of the following if you wish to take advantage of these rates for a longer subscription: ☐ 1 Year, \$4 ☐ 2 Years, \$7 ☐ 3 Years, \$10

☐ Please send me bill. ☐ I enclose check.*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

*EXTRA ISSUE FREE. If you send payment now, thus saving us bookkeeping, we will extend your subscription for an extra month without charge.

AM-3

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mystery Addict or Mystery Skeptic...

This Magazine Is For YOU



A complete
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER NOVELETTE
in the current issue

If your first requirement in anything you read—whether a magazine like *The American Mercury*, a book, or a newspaper—is that it must be the *best of its kind*, ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE is edited for YOU. For this is the magazine that lifted the "low-brow-reading" stigma from mystery fiction, and demonstrated that the best detective stories can hold their heads high in literary company. *** Today editors and novelists, analysts, statesmen and executives, educators, scientists, look forward eagerly each month to the relaxation, excitement and entertainment you get from the wit-challenging pages of EQ. Join them, and see for yourself how much satisfaction and pleasure *you* will get from it!

Continued on Inside Cover

8 MONTHS—OVER 80 STORIES—ONLY \$6
REGULAR PRICE—35¢ PER COPY

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

4¢ POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY—

ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

570 LEXINGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK 23, N. Y.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT 1050
Sec. 510, P. L. & R.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

**CLIP AND
MAIL THIS
CARD NOW**

**SEND
NO MONEY**

**NO POSTAGE
NEEDED**

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED